

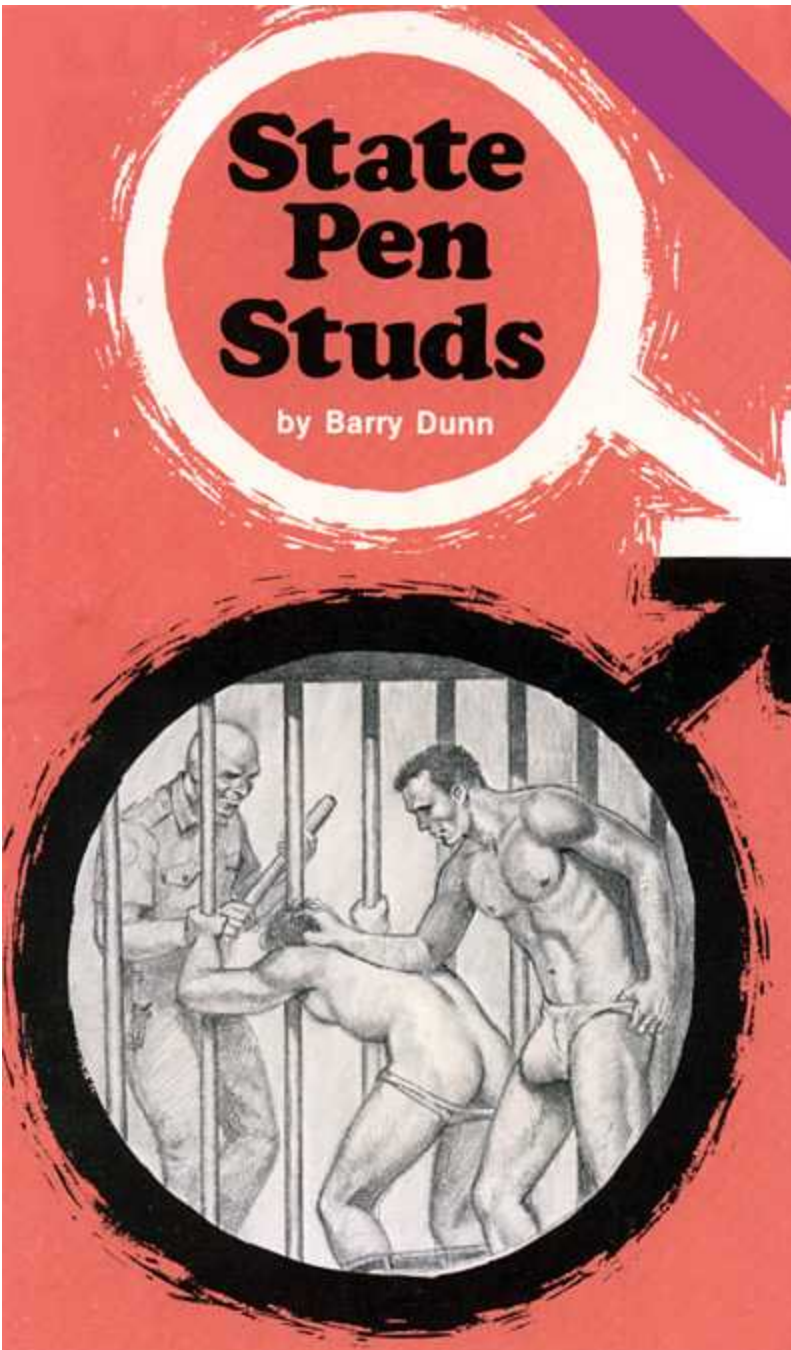
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ac-343 state pen studs (barry
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AC-343 STATE PEN STUDS by Barry Dunn

FOREWORD

In our ever-changing and often-confusing world, a world in which it is often difficult to determine right from wrong or good from bad, things which may

have shocked our grandparents, or even our parents, are often taken with a grain of salt.

Just a few short years ago it seemed that the stereotype homosexual had firmly entrenched itself in the general consciousness of our society. It would have been looked upon as absurd, for example, for one to suggest that a certain professional football player was gay. After all, everyone knew that homosexuals were nonviolent, at best, and downright weak-kneed, at worst. It also went without saying that there were no homosexual doctors, lawyers, politicians or policemen. There were, however, numerous gay hairdressers, interior decorators and fashion designers. And, of course, most artists were suspect.

STATE PEN STUDS is a story that "tells it like it is" that it exposes the old gay stereotype for what is -- a lie. A compelling novel that attempts to uncover the truth in an area where the facts have been ignored too long.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

Daryl cursed as the noise of cell doors being unlocked and rolled back jolted him out of a deep, after-sex sleep. Fuck! he thought dazedly, it can't be seven o'clock and time to get up already! Then he realized that it was, that the prison tier was gradually coming to life, and that he really wasn't all that comfortable lying there naked in bed. The sheets on his bunk were wrinkled and soiled with dried come and smears of K-Y

from the hot fuck session he'd had the night before, and Daryl's mouth tasted as though half the guys in the quad had ejaculated in it last night, instead of just one.

He pushed the top sheet away from his chest, blinking against the harsh daylight that already glared relentlessly through the single window of his cell. He was tempted to skip breakfast and go back to sleep until 8:30, when he had to report to his prison job; but he was dying of thirst and needed to piss badly, so he decided that if he had to get up anyway, he might as well eat.

He pulled his naked body out of the bunk. Every firm, smooth muscle in it tensed as his bare feet hit the cold, cracked cement floor of the cell.

Daryl staggered over to the sink and turned on the cold-water tap. After splashing some of the icy water over his face, he cupped his hands and drank deeply of it, feeling more human after this daily ritual. Then he stood over the toilet to take a long, leisurely piss, got dressed, and waited for his own cell door to be "unracked" so he could join the crowd in the chow line.

Daryl grinned to himself as he remembered the details of his unexpected sexual encounter of the night before, just before lights out. He was twenty-four and had served eighteen months of his four-year sentence for possession and sale of dangerous drugs. This was his second prison term, so he'd known what to expect from the beginning, and by deliberately cultivating an aggressive, macho personality while minding his own business, he'd managed to become accepted by most of his fellow convicts

in this joint and not be subjected to the sexual pressures directed at more passive homosexuals. Daryl wasn't hooked up with any one other guy at the moment, so he pretty well had his choice of sex partners -- being young, built, and good-looking -- and uninhibited about man-to-man sex.

It hadn't always been this easy for him, thought. He'd only been nineteen when he was first busted for possession and booked into a crowded county jail. That had been his first arrest, and he was just another dumb, scared punk -- fresh meat thrown to the hungry wolves behind bars. Daryl was locked up in a cell with five other guys, two of them black and in prison for armed robbery, one a white dude busted for parole violation, the other two, Hispanic junkies. It was sort of a gay United Nations, because these five men had already been living together in a small holding cell for a couple of weeks, and had formed a social and sexual bond in order to keep from killing each other out of sheer, horny frustration. After lights-out that very first night, Daryl had been lying on his bunk when one of the black cons moved in on him, sitting on the edge of his bunk and asking him if he'd ever been in jail before, what he was in for, all that shit. It was, although Daryl didn't know it at the time, a standard big-brother come-on. He got friendly with the dude, who warned him the following night that the other four guys wanted his butch ass and were talking about taking it by force in a gangbang that night.

"But listen, kid," Daryl's new buddy told him. "I can handle those horny motherfuckers. I can keep 'em off you. But I've been in this dump for six weeks and I sure am horny, too. I sure could use some head. How about you and me messing around with each other a little tonight after they're all asleep? You take care of my cock and I'll take care of yours, just buddy to buddy. Nobody'll have to know about it, and I'll look out for you as long as you're in here."

Daryl fell for it, of course, and allowed the guy to seduce him. But the other five guys, in on it from the beginning, were only pretending to be asleep while he and his "protector" sixty-nined. After Daryl and the black stud had come in each other's mouths, they all "woke up" on cue and demanded their fair share of the sex that Daryl was apparently quite willingly handing out. He'd been forced to suck them all off and take their pricks up his ass, and

some of the bastards had come back for seconds before the night was over. For the rest of his stay in that stinking holding cell, Daryl was all five guys' sex slave, expected to service them at a moment's notice. He was lucky his asshole didn't end up stretched to twice its normal size by the time his case finally came up for trial!

Now, five years, one-and-a-half stretches, and innumerable gay sex partners later, Daryl was a lot smarter and, thanks to the couple of hours he spent pumping iron in the prison's gym every day, he could take care of himself if a "fight or fuck" situation ever developed. He was propositioned by the other inmates all the time, but they usually backed off if Daryl indicated he wasn't interested.

Last night, though, he'd been interested, even though he'd pretended indifference at first, just to tease the other guy. He'd been sitting in his cell when Ray, a young, muscled, black convict who lived on the same tier came to his door, stood there making small talk, and started fondling his crotch, openly playing with the enormous erection visible in his pants.

"Hey -- you want to fuck around a little before lockup?" Ray finally blurted out, after Daryl had studiously pretended to ignore his virtual masturbation for several minutes.

"I'm not into it tonight -- I'm busy," Daryl lied, staring openly at the huge lump in Ray's pants, though.

Ray groaned with frustration as his fingers squeezed his hard-on through the thin cloth of his prison-issue Levis.

"Come on, man, gimme a break. It'll only take five minutes. There's nobody around. And I got a big piece of meat. Look!" He unzipped his fly and exposed his erection, adding, "Come on, just touch it, I'm horny as hell."

Daryl swallowed hard at the sight of what Ray was offering him.

"Okay, get your ass in here. Make it quick. And slide the fucking door shut," he warned, as he snapped off the reading light over his bunk to plunge the cell into a partial, relatively discreet darkness.

Ray pushed Daryl against the wall behind the bunk, took the other convict's hand, and rubbed it all over his cock. As Daryl groped him eagerly, measuring the black fuck tool with his fingers, and stroking it to keep it fully hard, Ray put his other hand on the back of Daryl's head and pulled the guy's mouth to his own, his tongue thrusting itself greedily deep into Daryl's mouth as the white stud eagerly returned the kiss and groped his latest contact frantically, his own need as fierce, as undeniable, as Ray's, now that he had abandoned all pretense of unwillingness.

"Man, I've been just aching to get it off all day!" Ray moaned after they'd finally, reluctantly broken the kiss. "And not just with anybody, either... I need a real man to suck and fuck with tonight!"

"Let's do it naked," Daryl whispered, setting the example by shedding his own clothes as quickly as possible. Ray got up and turned his back to him, teasing him in turn a bit as he too, stripped. Deliberately taking several seconds to do it, he shrugged off his shirt, unfastened the waistband of his jeans and began to wriggle out of them, the tight denim pants resisting at first as he slid them down his husky legs. Ray's asscheeks were large, but very muscular and all but hairless; he bent over to step out of his pants, giving Daryl a full view of his ass, his solid asscheeks squirming. Then Ray straightened up and turned toward the bunk again, grasping and lifting his huge cock and balls in his hand.

"Like it?" he asked proudly, knowing damn well what the answer had to be.

Daryl sucked in his breath. He estimated that Ray's cock was a good nine inches long, and it was beautifully shaped. Hanging beneath that generous length of solid prick were two big, fat round balls the size of a pair of ripe lemons, extra-large to match his cock. His hand shaking with lust, Daryl reached out and fondled the shaft of Ray's horse prick again.

"What're you waiting for?" Ray demanded, shoving his hips forward to push his cock against the other's guy's face. "Get down on it, fucker. Show me how good you can suck a big, hard dick!"

Daryl sat on the edge of his bed with his legs spread, and Ray's muscular thighs pressed in between his own. He bent his head and opened his mouth

wide. Then he began sucking the huge cock.

Ray rested his hands on Daryl's bare shoulders, steadying himself, and stifled a groan of pleasure as he looked down and watched the handsome white guy blowing him. Daryl's hot, wet tongue ran quickly over the head of his cock, then swept down the length of his cockshaft as far as the base. He licked the warm, slightly sweat-salted flesh until he felt Ray's wiry pubic hair brush against his lips. Raising his head, Daryl brought his yawning mouth slowly down as the pulsating hardness of Ray's prick passed through the circle formed by his lips and entered his mouth, inch by inch. The slightly tart taste excited him and he pulled his mouth back, away from Ray's cockhead, allowing saliva to gather inside his mouth to lubricate it for the full descent, and forcing the gag reflex to subside in his throat before he jammed all of Ray's fuckmeat into it.

"Take it," Ray urged huskily, misinterpreting Daryl's gesture. "Take it all, baby. You can handle it."

You bet I can, stud! Daryl thought gloatingly, as he once again locked his mouth around the swollen head of his trick's bulky prick, rubbing it with the flat of his tongue and tasting the saltiness and the rubbery texture of the skin.

Closing his eyes, Daryl forced his hot mouth farther down, taking almost half of Ray's stiff fucker between his lips as he closed them around his cockshaft and began to suck. The musky aroma of Ray's crotch invaded his nostrils and excited him. Slowly, easing himself into the steady, pumping rhythm of a good blow-job, he began to move his mouth back and forth on Ray's prick.

Daryl had sucked off so many other guys since his incarceration, and had been blown himself so often by experienced cocksuckers, that he knew exactly what to do -- how to work his tongue and lips in ways that would bring Ray quickly to the verge of a violent orgasm. As his mouth began to move with quickening, slurping strokes, he opened his eyes and tried to twist his head to look up into Ray's face; but the angle was wrong and he could see only the plane of the guy's flat stomach and his heavily muscled chest as it rose and fell with Ray's labored breathing. Ray thrust his pelvis at

Daryl's face again and again, fucking the other inmate's mouth and throat; the only other movement of his big body was the spasmodic twitching of his cock inside Daryl's mouth as his slippery tongue teased it closer and closer to ejaculation.

"Shit!" Ray grunted suddenly; his voice, after the long silence, startling Daryl so much that his mouth missed a stroke on Ray's cock.

"That's good! That's damn good cocksucking! I'm just about there! Do you take it up the ass, man?"

Daryl, his mouth still surrounding the throbbing hard-on, grunted loudly in the affirmative, his asshole already tingling at the prospect of being reamed out by this dude's gigantic prick.

"Good! Let's get on the bed and I'll give you a fuck like you've never been fucked before!"

Daryl pulled his mouth off Ray's saliva smeared prick and rolled over onto his belly on the narrow bunk, grabbing the tube of K-Y he kept handy under the edge of the mattress.

All of the prisoners had jobs, and their pay was deposited into accounts they could draw upon. Daryl's wants were fairly simple, but a tube of K-Y

was a necessity for a guy with a sex life as active as his, and he went through two or three tubes of the lubricant each month.

"We're going to have to use this," he explained breathlessly. "I don't think I can take that big thing of yours otherwise. And we're going to have to hurry -- it's almost time for lockup."

"Whatever you say. I'm so hot I'll probably blast off the minute I get my cock in your ass."

The last thing Daryl clearly remembered about their encounter was being fucked into blissful oblivion by that huge black prick. He felt as though Ray was tearing his entire insides out as he savagely, exultantly, jabbed his

oversized cock in and out of his asshole. He couldn't remember whether or not Ray had come in his ass, although the guy must have: getting fucked like that, seemingly endlessly, and coming himself, squirting his own jism all over the bed, was the last thing Daryl could recall.

It made him horny now just thinking about it -- about how the big, muscle bound brute had shoved his body forward and rammed the entire length of his prick between his smooth asscheeks, deep into his cringing asshole.

Daryl had cried out wildly, forgetting the danger of being overheard and caught in the act by one of the guards, as he felt the stud strain to penetrate him completely. The huge blunt head of Ray's cock had pressed tightly through the rim of his ass and slid quickly inside to fill the narrow bottleneck of his shitter with hard, throbbing fuckmeat.

"Oh! Oh yeah? Fuck my ass!" Daryl had hissed out from between gritted teeth as he raised himself up from the mattress on his hands and knees to take that ruthless cock. He screamed once in sudden pain as it sank into him to the hilt and remained buried like that in his ass, but then he relaxed and spat out every lewd expression he knew to turn his stud fucker on, and he worked his hips and ass cheeks and clenched his assring to increase the friction of their bodily contact, to encourage Ray to screw him as hard and as fast and as deeply and as brutally as he could.

Ray's enormous cockhead had wormed its way deeper into him with each stroke, pushing far up into his ass canal, followed by inch after hard inch of turgid, overexcited cockshaft. Daryl's asshole had contracted passionately around the big cock, massaging it, involuntarily clamping down all around its bulk to keep the cock trapped inside him as he begged Ray: "Fuck me -- fuck my ass -- fuck it hard!"

The guy had his arms thrown around Daryl's narrow waist and was hugging him close to his sweaty chest as he screwed him, putting one brawny fist around Daryl's own cock to jerk him off and excite him even more as his big fuck tool drilled into Daryl's hot, tight ass again and again and again...

"Hell!" Daryl said aloud over his breakfast tray as he luxuriated in the erotic memory. I must've fucking passed out from coming so hard... after Ray was done using me, he probably just had enough time to pull his dick out of my ass, grab his clothes, and run down the hall to his own cell before lockup and lights out! Shit, I'm going to have to connect with that buck's piece of meat again! My ass is still sore -- but it hurts good! It's getting me horny again just thinking about the way that hung bastard fucked me!

In fact, Daryl was getting so damned horny from thinking about what he and Ray had done together only a few hours previously, and what Daryl now intended to do with the first likely prospect he ran into during the day's activities, that the young convict found himself staring lustfully and invitingly at every attractive guy in the mess hall, which was always a good place for cruising. He even gave a couple of the humpier guards the eye, just for practice!

He was seething with lust by the time he reported to his work assignment.

Daryl worked in the prison's library, which was considered an easy and prestigious job. It had the additional advantage of providing an ideal location for further cruising. And if two guys connected in the library and didn't want to risk making it together between two rows of stacks, the library had its own small toilet that afforded relative privacy and safety for a quickie.

By the time his fifteen-minute morning break rolled around, Daryl knew he had to go straight to the library's john to see if he could get any fast action there. There were two booths with no doors; Daryl went into the one on the far end, away from the door, lowered his jeans, and sat down, spreading his legs as wide apart as he could out in front of him to display his equipment as he waited impatiently.

He soon heard a guy come in and walk toward him without going directly to the row of urinals, so Daryl knew that whoever it was, he hadn't come in to take a leak. Suddenly, he glanced up and saw, standing in front of the open doorway of his booth, a tall, fantastic looking blonde brute of a man.

Jesus Christ, Daryl thought, his mouth falling open, I've seen this number around, but I never suspected he could be gay!

Prison gossip being what it was -- everybody knew everybody else's business, including who had sex with whom -- Daryl knew that this guy's name was Everett, that he was in for murder, that he was a born-again Christian, and that he wasn't hooked up with anybody and supposedly didn't fool around. Daryl now instantly suspected that Everett was the type of inmate who passed as straight while indulging in quick, furtive sex encounters and warning his partners not to tell anybody. Since he was six-feet-one, and weighed a solidly muscled hundred and eighty-five pounds, and had already killed at least one man, Everett was probably very persuasive about urging such discretion.

The good-looking blond leaned against the wall and reached down to massage his crotch through his tight pants, his blue eyes hard, challenging, as they bored into Daryl's. Daryl swallowed twice as he saw how big the guy's erection looked in his pants. It was like an instant replay of the prickeasing between him and Ray the night before. The tall blonde murderer continued to rub his crotch with one hand until his formidable prick was fully erect and thrust down his left pants leg halfway to the knee.

He looked toward the door, obviously trying to determine whether he would be able to hear anybody coming into the john in time to disengage himself from Daryl before they were caught in the act. Evidently satisfied that the risk was worth taking, Everett slowly unzipped his pants, reached inside, and pulled out his cock and balls.

Daryl salivated when he saw the size of the fucker the guy was so blatantly offering him. The blond thrust his hips forward and Daryl leaned toward him and opened his mouth. He took the head of Everett's uncut cock inside his mouth and began sucking him, praying they wouldn't be interrupted as his tongue thrilled to the taste of the stud's prickmeat. Daryl's warm, soft lips wrapped themselves tightly around the shaft of the guy's thick cock as he pushed his head back and forth, taking it all down his throat and sucking the blond as noisily and uninhibitedly as possible, breathing though his nose.

The blond held onto the frame of the booth with both hands and rose up on the balls of his feet, his knees buckling as he pushed his hips forward and struggled to increase the depth of his penetration of Daryl's mouth and throat.

Then, abruptly, he yanked his prick out of Daryl's slavering mouth and spun around, squatting, shoving his ass cheeks back into the seated guy's flushed face.

"Suck my ass," Everett grunted, spreading his buttocks with both hands as he bent over. "Do it! And you'd better not tell anybody about this, or I'll kill you."

The threat had a strange effect on Daryl: as though a potent mixture of adrenaline and amyl nitrite were pumping through his bloodstream. He was suddenly wildly aroused, hungry for the other man's ass, eager to make love to him in any way he demanded.

Pressing his panting lips against Everett's hairy asspucker to create a tight seal, he plunged the full length of his extended, stiffened tongue into the blond's asshole, licking the moist flesh with depraved abandon.

Everett liked it -- he grunted hoarsely with bestial satisfaction, masturbating himself roughly until Daryl put an arm around his waist, took his big prick in his fist, and took over the hand job. Everett didn't object when Daryl pushed his free hand up under his shirt to pinch and tease his huge, hard nipples, either.

Daryl rimmed him furiously, drooling saliva into his asshole as he licked it feverishly with his wet, slippery tongue. After a few minutes, Everett let him suck on his cock again, this time taking Daryl's head between his hands to hold it steady as he fucked the seated guy's face. Daryl was jerking on his own swollen prick when Everett shot off in his mouth. He groaned as he felt the stud's hot, searing load of come blast down his throat. He didn't have to swallow; the cock was too deeply imbedded for that to be necessary as Everett, moaning and cursing under his breath, force-fed Daryl wad after wad of his thick, salty jism, the spurts flowing directly down the hot young cocksucker's throat.

"Thanks, kid," Everett gasped, stuffing his still-hard prick and drained balls back into his pants and zipping up his fly with some difficulty. He glanced down at the guy who'd just rimmed him and sucked him off. Daryl still had his legs stretched out in front of him and his cock in his fist: he'd shot his own load all over his hand, his thighs, and the tile floor of the stall. There was a dreamy, contented look in his eyes as he raised his head to return the blond's slightly contemptuous gaze and continued jacking off his spent but still quite rigid and responsive prick.

"I-I really liked sucking your cock," Daryl blurted out impulsively, his face reddening with uncharacteristic shame at the admission. "I'd like to do it again... how'd you like to hook up with me, man?"

"Don't be an asshole," the tall blond muttered. He left the rest room quickly, without looking back.

Daryl groaned as he went on masturbating.

It had just been another blow job... but, now that he knew Everett was available for sex and just how hot and well-hung the guy was, he couldn't help starting to get hung up on the guy. Maybe that's exactly what I need, he told himself excitedly. A challenge... a guy who wants to play hard to get!

CHAPTER TWO

Allan's latest regular trick was named Daniel, who had a thing for cops, servicemen, and -- now that Allan had moved into the neighborhood --

prison guards. He was a slender young man with long, coltish legs and an extremely handsome face, and unfortunately he was fully aware of the attraction these attributes had for gay men. Daniel had, besides innumerable tricks, a lover several years older than he -- a police lieutenant, recently divorced.

Daniel was theoretically only renting a spare room in his house, but everybody in the neighborhood knew better. The lovers lived next to Allan, and Daniel often further indulged his passion for men in uniform by visiting the hot young prison guard next door. Opportunities for sex were tailor made, because his cop lover was often on call and working overtime. Allan suspected that the man knew about his relationship with Daniel, but the cop never mentioned it, preferring that Daniel stray with him rather than with his less discreet gay friends -- since he had long ago given up any effort at making the boy faithful to him. Allan rather liked him, as a matter of fact, and wouldn't have minded tricking with him at all. But Allan didn't feel guilty about sleeping with his lover, because he reasoned the same way that the lieutenant did -- if it wasn't him, it would be some other guy.

Daniel had spent Saturday night with Allan and was there on Sunday morning. It had been one of the times when a demanding assignment kept his lover busy all weekend, and Daniel had taken full advantage of his absence. He had shown even more pleasure and excitement than usual during the evening, and responded to Allan's lovemaking with rare abandon, soon begging the older man to fuck him. And Allan had been quick to oblige, knowing from their past trysts just how exciting Daniel's hot, tight asshole could be clenched around his prick and milking it dry of its sperm.

He remembered every detail of their screwing... Daniel's thighs wrapped around his shoulders; Daniel's ass elevated by two pillows stuffed under his

butt; Daniel's taut, boyish asshole pressed open to receive Allan's Vaseline lubricated cock. Daniel had kept his eyes shut at first, and Allan felt the boy's balls pressing against his flat stomach, felt Daniel's erection pressed into his own taut flesh. He had left his cock buried to the hilt up Daniel's ass and rolled his corded stomach muscles back and forth across Daniel's hardened prick.

"Christ Almighty, does that ever feel good!" Daniel moaned. "Jesus, but that feels good!"

Allan had to agree. He pulled his cock out a few inches. He leaned up so that he could see his greased cockshaft slip out and then slide back into that tight hole.

"You're getting as loose as a cunt from being fucked so much," he joked crudely, pushing his cock in and then slipping it partially out again.

"I'd like to know how you could ever make a comparison," Daniel groaned under him. "I doubt if you even know what a cunt is, let alone what one would feel like around your prick."

"Listen, you oversexed little bitch," Allan said, ramming his prick in hard so that his own balls smacked painfully against Daniel's solid mounds of ass cheek. "I'll have you know that I've fucked plenty of cunts in my time."

"No fair counting all those dogs in heat," Daniel laughed.

"Even the dogs were a damn sight tighter than your hole."

"I'll bet," Daniel said, grinding his hips upward to meet Allan's down-thrusting cock, "I'll bet that any cunt you may have fucked in your time, as you so quaintly put it, must be all dry and shriveled up by now."

"Are you implying that I'm old?"

"You're at least thirty, aren't you? Old, yes, senile, not yet, since you figured that out pretty fast!"

"What a little bitch you are. What'll you be like when you reach twenty?"

Daniel had just turned nineteen.

"That'll never happen," Daniel panted. "I intend to stay in a holding pattern forever..."

"Anyway, I'll bet your lover, who's at least forty and old enough to be your father and old enough to be my big brother -- my very hot, horny big brother -- can throw a better fuck than you any day."

"All right then," Daniel said, opening his eyes. "Get your prick out of my ass, call him up, and ask him to come on over here so you can plug his sagging butt for him... I just hope he slips his false teeth up in there instead of inside his mouth, and bites your cock off at the base!"

"You little bitch!" Allan growled, shoving his cock in hard, making Daniel's laughter turn to groans of mixed pleasure and pain. They both knew Daniel wasn't going anywhere!

"And you'd better be careful, old man." Daniel pinched both of Allan's nipples, hard. "Because if my sugar daddy's hungry asshole bites off even one inch of your cock, you'll barely have an inch left."

"Oh yeah?" Allan ground his sweating lower belly into Daniel's ass cheeks as he fucked. "We'll just see how far we can get those two inches up your ass. And don't be surprised if you start choking on it!"

"Never happen." Daniel smiled. His eyes were shut again, his hips responding to Allan's steadily humping pelvic motions. "It's not that my hole's loose, it's just that your prick is so fucking tiny."

"Do you remember the fuck I gave you the last time you were over here and started spouting your shitty little remarks?"

"Baby, none of your fucks has been exactly memorable," Daniel laughed. "I always seem to recall a strange sensation like a fingertip tickling my asshole, that's all. That's all I can ever remember of any of your so-called fucks. Come to think of it, I wonder why I keep coming back to try again."

Maybe it's because I keep hoping that someday you'll be able to get that pathetic little prick of yours into some sort of a state of erection."

"Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!" Allan barked, punctuating his insults with three violent down thrusts of his hips.

"I think... you'd better... back off," Daniel gasped. "Your futile attempts at -- oh, God -- fucking me are putting me to sleep."

But Allan couldn't have pulled away even had he wanted to; Daniel's hands were locked around his waist, holding him tight and clutching him tighter all the time as Allan's cock throbbed and thrust and shuddered deep inside his ass.

"You about there?" Daniel moaned eagerly. "You about ready to shoot?"

"What's it to you, bitch?" Allan demanded, rocking his body within the cradle formed by Daniel's legs.

"I just want to try something I've read about. I want you to tell me when you're starting to shoot."

"What is it you want to try?"

"Never mind, just let me know when that first squirt of jism starts to rush through your cock... then just keep on screwing me and coming in my ass, no matter what."

"As long as the title of whatever perverted article you read wasn't

'Castration at Climax: The Ultimate Thrill'."

"No," Daniel laughed breathlessly, "but that does give me an idea for next time, stud!"

"You know, for a whore with such a loose asshole, you really aren't such a shabby screw."

"And for a guy with only a two-inch dick, you aren't doing all that badly to compensate yourself, big man."

"Oh fuck... you'd better get your surprise ready!" Allan gasped.

"Do you feel it coming?"

"It's coming, baby. It's coming!"

"Give it to me, man! Give me your come! Shoot it up my ass! Remember, just keep fucking!"

"My God, once this blast gets going, there's going to be no stopping it... because... here it comes!" Allan yelled. "Get ready, you horny, hot-assed little fucker! Get ready to take all my hot come! Oh Christ --

ahhhhh!"

Allan was coming, the hot sperm rushing up from his swollen, tender balls, through the core of his cock, exploding through its tip... being sucked deep into Daniel's cornholing asshole in spurt upon spurt of fiery fluid... and then, incredibly, Allan felt a wave of liquid fire engulf his balls, searing them! His body jerked and shuddered as his climax doubled in intensity, shaking him from head to foot as, sobbing, screaming, he fell on top of the boy he was fucking and emptied his jism into him in a veritable tidal wave of frantic passion. Daniel was shouting too, in boyish glee, as his own orgasm hit him and his cock spent itself wetly and thickly between their bellies, drenching their hot, sweaty flesh in its sperm.

Minutes later, Allan stretched out on the bed, exhausted, waiting for his heartbeat to return to normal. Daniel was playing with Allan's limp cock, a satisfied smirk on his face.

"Poor baby," Daniel crooned, hoisting the cock to its full height and then releasing it to sink back onto Allan's thigh.

"Who the hell told you to stick an ice pack against my frigging nuts?"

Allan growled, his balls still smarting.

"I read about it in this sleazy photo manual of sexual love my brother showed me."

"Your straight brother? The only member of your family who isn't a certified pervert? It's a heterosexual book?"

"It's got a lot of interesting pointers than can be applied equally well to man-to-man sex," Daniel laughed, rubbing both of Allan's aching, hair-covered balls. "Like this ice trick..."

Allan smiled. "Straight couples do that sort of thing? That's downright perverted!"

"Perverted or not, it certainly got you going in high gear. Even your two-inch prick felt pretty good fucking away like that inside my loose asshole."

"You're lucky you didn't freeze my nuts off."

"You mean, you're lucky I didn't freeze your nuts off, man. I could always find another cock to shove up my ass, but you'd have one hell of a tough time finding another pair of balls."

"When did you get the ice bag and hide it under the bed?"

"When you went to the john to piss after the first time we fucked."

"Devious bastard... but I can't wait for you to read more of your brother's instruction manual."

"If we can get this thing hard again, I'll try something from Chapter Two." Daniel hefted the limp mass of Allan's cock. "It talks about how important it is to feel free to act out your sexual fantasies. Why don't you put your gun and your shoulder holster on, and fuck me while you're wearing it, so I can feel that warm leather and cold metal rubbing against my body while your prick pumps in and out of my ass and pretend that you're screwing me with a pistol that's going to go off and shoot me up the ass when you come..."

"Christ! You are a pervert," Allan said, raising himself to kiss Daniel on the mouth. "I have a feeling it won't take long to get that pistol between my legs

reloaded. Why don't you go down on it and see how long it takes you to get it back up into battle position?"

"How about you going down on me? That ass treatment might have been good for your swollen balls, but what about mine?"

"Are you trying to tell me you didn't come? That wasn't your wad I was mashing between our bellies just now?"

"Of course it wasn't." Daniel smiled. "Just perspiration."

"See... you always jump around and foam at the mouth and howl like a bitch in heat when you perspire!"

"Of course; don't you? Doesn't everyone?"

"You shot so much come across your belly I thought I was swimming in the ocean."

"Let's make a deal," Daniel suggested. "We'll both go down on each other until we both work up a good sweat again."

"Nothing better than a reasonable compromise to end an argument," Allan grunted, moving his body into position for the sixty-nine.

It had been like that for most of the night: Daniel came closer to being insatiable than any guy Allan had ever tricked with, and when they weren't actually busy fucking or sucking, they seemed to be talking about it.

At last, though, they'd slept. Now, in the chill of the morning, the tireless Daniel had gotten up to make coffee while Allan stayed in bed.

He brought the coffee and the morning newspaper, then slid back into bed naked, his cup balanced on one knee.

"What are we going to do today, correction officer?" he asked.

"We could take a walk," Allan suggested.

He made a disgusted face. "Can't we stay in bed?"

"You don't get enough exercise," Allan lectured him. "If you were in prison, that fat ass of yours would be fucked raw by now, because you wouldn't be able to defend it."

"Oh? Am I getting fat?" Daniel asked, turning his body sensuously, twisting from the waist so that his biceps and pecs threatened to dump Allan's hot coffee into his lap and scald his already traumatized balls.

"Anyway, I got plenty of exercise last night. You excelled yourself, Allan. We must have done it four or five times."

"Three, at the most."

"Do you think screwing is good for the hips?" Daniel asked, with wide-eyed mock innocence.

"The ass cheeks, more likely."

"I guess so... it's good for the asshole, it... it must develop the muscle tone of the shitter, don't you think?"

"You have a shocking lack of modesty, my boy."

"Bullshit. I'm just being suggestive, that's all..."

Allan unfolded the newspaper.

"You bastard," Daniel teased, watching him. "I'd almost think you were impotent, the way you act, if I didn't happen to notice that you have a hard-on."

Allan examined the front-page headlines.

"What do I have to do to get a morning fuck, man?"

"You have to wait until I finish my coffee."

"Oh, hell," Daniel sighed. He snuggled up to Allan and looked at the paper. "Oh, look: 'sex scandal in upstate prison exposed'," he read. "A correction officer fired for fucking an inmate while on duty... how appalling to think that such behavior occurs. Not in your place of work, though, I'm sure. If I were a convict, would you fuck me? Would you give me a pack of cigarettes for my favors?"

"That would depend on what I got for my money that I'm not getting for free now."

Daniel snorted. The two men read the lurid details, carefully chosen to titillate the general public. Daniel was rather more sophisticated about gay life, whether in or out of prison, than the general public, but on the other hand it took very little to stimulate him. He started squirming against Allan's warm, naked body.

"Would you pay to ball him?" he asked, pointing to the newspaper photograph of the young convict who'd been caught in the act with the guard, an improbably wholesome-looking youngster no older than Daniel himself.

"Maybe, if I was desperate enough."

"He's rather humpy, isn't he? His chest is bigger than mine. His legs aren't as good, though, and I can't tell how well he might be hung from that picture... still, variety is the spice of lust, isn't it? I wouldn't pay to fuck a guy unless I had a good look at him first. Naked, of course. I'd want to inspect the equipment before I hired anybody to do the job. If it wasn't a question of money, would you rather fuck him than me? Is he more your type?" Daniel persisted.

"Oh, it's six of one, half a dozen of the other. Throw a bag over your heads, and you punks are all alike..."

"You fucking pig," Daniel spat. He grabbed Allan's cock and tugged at it.

"Apologize, or I'll yank it off!"

Allan wasn't about to apologize, because the firm pressure on his prick was much more pleasurable than Daniel's threat implied. The boy giggled, realizing the double entendre of his words. His hand pulled eagerly on Allan's thick cockshaft, with demanding urgency, stroking it into firmer erectness.

"You can yank it off any time you want to, baby."

"What a waste!" Daniel lamented lewdly. His fingers slid up until he held Allan's cock knob in his hand, running his thumb across the vein, then over the tip. He bent over, watching the reaction of Allan's body to his caress. Allan's prick was swollen and erect now, beginning to throb, and it seemed to fascinate Daniel, despite his familiarity with it.

"A terrible waste," he repeated, whispering. "Messy, too. I'm sure I can think of a better way to bring you off!"

"You'd better think fast," Allan warned.

He could feel the first stirrings of climax begin deep within his loins, and a drop of seminal fluid oozed from the tip of his overexcited prick.

Daniel slid his thumb across, spreading the oily liquid over Allan's cockhead. Allan still held the newspaper, but it was with feigned interest; Daniel's expert manipulation of his cock and its morning erection had wiped out any urge he may have had to read about other men's sexual activities... and now it was Daniel's turn to tease, to avenge himself for Allan's pretended indifference.

"Don't mind me," he said. "You just go ahead and read... I won't interrupt you."

His hand pressed down until it rested against the older man's belly, at the bottom of his cockshaft, and Allan's cockhead reared up, fully exposed, pulsating and quivering with urgent need. Daniel bent closer, his face mere inches from Allan's aching prick, his eyes gleaming with wicked glee. His

tongue slipped across his lower lip and his mouth opened slightly. He slid his hand back up until he cupped Allan's bulging cockhead; then pressed down again, setting Allan on fire with the delicious friction. Allan's hips twisted involuntarily; his legs drew upward, then extended flat out on the mattress once again, the newspaper rustling as he lowered it with a gasp.

Daniel looked at him slyly. "I've got a perfectly splendid idea," he boasted. His eyes were very knowing indeed, his lips parted in a mocking smile.

"What?" Allan breathed hoarsely.

"Why don't I suck it?"

The other man kept his face blank, but his cock gave a powerful lurch, as though it were possessed of ears and a mind of its own, and was heaving in expectation and approval.

"Yeah, why don't you?"

"Would you like me to?"

Allan nodded.

"Would you enjoy it?" Daniel repeated, speaking this time to the swollen tip of his partner's prick. Allan's cock nodded, in its own curious fashion.

"Don't let me interrupt you, though," Daniel drawled. "You just go ahead and read your paper and drink your coffee while I eat your meat and swallow your come..."

Sarcastically, Allan raised the newspaper again. The print blurred. He watched Daniel over the top edge. Daniel lowered his face slightly, his hand pushing down around the shaft of his bedmate's prick at the same time. His free hand slid up Allan's hairy leg and cupped his equally furry balls, squeezing lightly. As if the pressure had forced it up the shaft, a second drop of pre-come emerged at the tip, hung there for a moment, and then began sliding wetly down.

Daniel watched this oily descent with wide eyes, tilting his head to follow the course of the sluggish droplet so that Allan saw his face bisected by the upright shaft of his rigid cock. Daniel waited until the glistening drop had almost reached his hand, and then his tongue flicked out, the pink tip touching Allan's cockshaft and licking upward, taking the seminal drop and continuing to retrace the glistening path it had left in its wake until he was running his warm tongue over Allan's cockknob.

Allan trembled, his guts tightening with a fierce need which he tried to restrain, for he too, was in no hurry. His body was wildly aroused, but he wanted this delightful thrill to last for as long as possible. He tried to force his mind onto other subjects -- a futile effort.

His body had control over his thoughts now, and would accept no interference with the rising task at hand -- hand indeed being the operative word -- for Daniel continued to slide his fingers over Allan's fucker as his tongue flickered wetly at its tip, back and forth and down the sides. The salty fluid was emerging steadily now, not an orgasm but a preliminary lubrication of clear, slippery drops oozing out one after the other, and his tongue licked each drop up as it appeared. Allan's piss-slit had opened wide now, and Daniel's tongue greedily dipped into it to gather the fuck fluid even before it emerged.

But he had not yet used his mouth or lips, only his tongue, that taunting pink animal using a moist pattern on Allan's burning flesh. Allan reached down and put his hand behind Daniel's head, fingers twisting in his hair, and pressed him gently down. For a moment he resisted, smiling, but then his lips parted and he lowered his hot mouth over the fat head of Allan's cock, taking it completely into his mouth. Allan groaned at the sensation! Daniel's cheeks drew inward, hollowing as he sucked, then extended as his lips pulled upward, almost leaving his cockhead before they descended toward its root again.

The newspaper fell to the floor beside the bed. Allan's back arched; his hips rose and fell; his groin banged up against Daniel's sucking lips; the storm began to gather impetuously within his loins.

"Come in my mouth!" Daniel grunted, the words muffled against Allan's seething flesh. It was a demand that wasn't at all difficult to grant...

would have been just about impossible not to grant, in fact, as long as those warm, wet lips were sucking so greedily at the prison guard's hot cock. Allan groaned desperately as the kid blew him even harder.

The storm was raging freely now, it had become an erotic hurricane... and it exploded in his guts and sent the torrent of sperm cascading before it. Daniel felt the surge begin, felt Allan's balls pulsate as they sent the hot fluid rushing up the shaft of Allan's cock; he moved his hand faster and his lips pulled frantically on Allan's fuckmeat. Then, suddenly, the release of jism burst forth. Daniel gasped, gulped, his eyes widening and his cheeks drawing in as Allan exploded within his mouth. He masturbated himself frantically as he swallowed the come Allan was force-feeding him: Allan saw Daniel's throat work, as he downed all of the thick, heavy eruption and began to shoot himself, spraying his jism all over the bed between Allan's spread legs. Then he sank back on the bed, drained and emptied, as Daniel continued to suck the last drops of come from him and pumped his own prick dry of its load with his slimy fist.

Daniel finally looked up, smiling, his lips gleaming wet with the potent male seed he had consumed so eagerly.

"I wonder if come is fattening?" he asked. "I must have gained a pound from that load alone... I guess you'll have to 'exercise' me with your prick up my ass to work it off now."

"In a moment," Allan whispered.

"Not too long," Daniel groaned. "God, I'm still horny."

He passed his hand between his thighs, stroking his own balls, then began to masturbate again slowly and passionately, keeping his cock stiff and throbbing. He sat cross-legged, tailor fashion, facing Allan, waiting for the other man's lust to renew itself after his violent ejaculation.

Daniel slowly and deliberately teased his own prick until it was slippery wet with his own seeping sex fluid again.

Allan's erection never faltered, either. It had softened in the aftermath of ejaculation, but it remained upright, and now, as he watched the boy perform his brazen self-stimulation, he felt the blood surge through his prick again, his cock shaft hardening and his cockhead beginning to swell and throb. Daniel had one hand on him, working Allan's cock up and down in sympathetic rhythm with the motion of his other hand on his own prick.

"Soon," he whispered. "Please fuck me again soon... the whole time I was blowing you, I was pretending your big hard prick was in my asshole instead of just in my mouth, reaming me out, screwing me shitless, coming deep inside my horny ass!"

Allan nodded, too aroused to risk speech. The telephone rang.

"Fuck it," Daniel said. But the phone was beside the bed, jangling loudly and irritatingly. Allan looked at it, undecided.

"Maybe it's my lover," Daniel joked, annoyed by the interruption. Then his face brightened. "Listen! Go ahead and answer it. If it's Jim wondering where the hell I am, tell him you haven't seen me... but keep him talking for a few minutes. I have another fantastic idea. I want to suck your cock again while you talk to him. What a wonderfully wicked idea!"

Allan lifted the receiver. Daniel hovered expectantly over him. "Hello?"

was all that Allan had time to grunt out before Daniel shoved his cock back into his mouth and down his throat, and plunged his own prick between Allan's parted lips. Allan gagged briefly at the unexpected phallic mouthful, then caught his breath and rolled the cockshaft inside his mouth with his tongue, waiting for a response from the other end of the line.

But it wasn't Daniel's lover; it was Allan's boss, the prison's warden.

"I'm sorry to bother you at home on your day off, Allan," the man began over the phone.

"Who is it?" Daniel asked. His tongue was lapping at Allan's cockhead.

"Never mind," Allan hissed at him, drooling spit down Daniel's cockshaft.

"That's all right, sir," he gasped, pulling himself away from Daniel's turgid prick long enough to speak into the receiver.

Daniel bit the head of his cock.

"Uhhhh!" Allan grunted, but the warden didn't react to the outcry.

"We've had a murder," he told Allan bluntly. "One of the inmates... a young kid, a punk. Apparently he was quite promiscuous, and whoever he was hooked up with got jealous and stabbed him to death when he caught him with another man. There hasn't been any trouble yet, Allan, but you know how uptight the inmates get whenever something like this happens, so I'd like to have a few extra men on duty until things settle down. I know it's asking a lot to want you to come in on your day off..."

Without asking for further details, Allan said he would be down right away, and hung up. Daniel seemed disappointed.

"Who was it?" he repeated.

"My boss. I'm going to have to go in to work," Allan sighed, lapping at Daniel's juicy cock with his tongue.

"Why don't you wait for a few more minutes?"

"Can't," Allan said, disengaging himself from Daniel and the soiled, rumpled sheets on the bed. "There might be trouble, from the way it sounded."

"Leave it to you to leave a guy hanging high and dry in mid-sixty-nine, just because some asshole calls on the phone," Daniel pouted. Allan shook his head, frowning, lost in his own thoughts, and Daniel realized that something was wrong.

"What is it, man?" he asked. "What happened?"

He had stopped caressing himself. His cock was wet with Allan's saliva, and as the other man looked at him he was suddenly aware of a fierce need to take him. It was a strange way of reacting to the news of the prison's crisis, but there was no denying the fact that, although Allan's mind was busy with speculation and anxiety, his body still trembled with desire.

His cock had assumed monstrous proportions, threatening to burst asunder from its building sperm pressure.

The prison would just have to wait a few minutes, after all. Allan pushed Daniel onto his back and mounted him roughly.

"Oh," the boy gasped. "Oh, yeah!"

"Don't talk," Allan told him.

He placed his cock against Daniel's sphincter muscle, felt the tender flesh open around his cock knob, felt the sucking vacuum draw him inside.

He thrust his hips forward and entered Daniel's body, all the way at the first long stroke so that their bodies banged together violently. Daniel moaned and drew his legs up, his heels drumming against Allan's back for an instant before locking together, so that his strong thighs applied a rhythmic pressure to Allan's ribcage. Daniel's arms encircled him and his hips and ass rose from the bed to fully contain his penetration.

"Fuck me, Allan!" he whimpered. "Fuck my ass!"

Allan slammed himself against the boy's ass cheeks. He humped in a blind frenzy of lust, in thoughtless, bestial urgency, ramming his fucker violently in and out of Daniel's hot, tight, spasming asshole. His prick seemed to swell to such an extent that Daniel's ass could scarcely contain it; he writhed under him, moaning and gasping, rotating his ass and shifting his legs.

The force of Allan's strokes drove him down the bed until his head and shoulders were over the edge of the mattress, until he was half on the floor, his body bowed toward Allan's... and then Allan sank his fingers into the

boy's taut ass cheeks and pulled him up to meet his thrusts, each stroke a white-hot, searing penetration of his guts, building to a heat which was impossible for mere flesh to sustain -- the heat of carnal fusion approaching explosion.

Allan's cock erupted with burning violence. Daniel cried out as he felt the molten flood rush up his asshole. His own release joined it, jism spurting from his neglected but nevertheless over-stimulated prick, pouring down his body until his belly and chest glistened with the flowing lava. Again and again, Allan pumped his jizz into the boy's ass until his balls felt hollow, and then he sank down beside him on the bed, gasping desperately for breath, his cock still twitching inside Daniel's ass, which spasmed deliriously around its bulk as the boy continued to come all over himself, all over Allan, all over the bed.

"Oh Christ!" he moaned. "I don't know what inspired that fuck, but it was fantastic!"

"Some punk down at the prison got himself killed when his lover caught him fucking around," Allan said roughly. "That's what's going to happen to you, someday."

He pulled his scarcely-deflated prick from between Daniel's ass cheeks, got to his feet, and stumbled into the bathroom. His overworked cock seemed to shrink as though in reproach as he pulled aside the shower curtain and turned on the spray. Allan's body was gleaming wet by the time Daniel followed him into the bathroom and joined him in the shower.

"Too hot?" Allan asked, running his hands along the boy's water-slick flanks.

"I'll soon get cooled off," Daniel said, moving closer to Allan and pushing his cock against his body.

"I meant the water, you horny little bastard," Allan laughed, reaching for a bar of soap.

He stepped back to soap the muscles of Daniel's chest and the throbbing muscle at Daniel's groin. Then Daniel took the soap and lathered Allan up as well, reaching down to draw slippery circles across Allan's stomach.

When Daniel had played with Allan's soap slicked cock for a few minutes, he moved in against the prison guard, smashing his own slippery body into the other guy's. Their bodies mashed together and slid wetly against each other; their cocks brushed, rubbed together, bumped and slid apart. They smiled at each other.

Daniel moved Allan so that there was no spray directly hitting his back, and soaped his hand. He placed them around Allan, to the back, then ran the palms of his hands down the man's flanks to the hard cheeks of Allan's ass, pressing his ringers inward, toward his asshole.

"I really have to get to work," Allan protested weakly.

"Speaking about getting down to work... I'm still horny. Feel how hard my cock is, man."

"They need me at the prison."

"I need a hot asshole to shove my cock up into! Hell! It'll take you a while to drive there anyway -- so what can you do for them in the meantime?" Daniel pointed out sensibly. "What difference is fifteen minutes going to make?"

"Okay," Allan relented. "You can screw me, but you'd better come fast.

Fifteen minutes, and then I'm going to get out of here, whether that insatiable libido of yours likes it or not."

Daniel lathered up his own chest and belly, and his own erect cock.

Adding one more mass of suds to the crease of Allan's ass, and to the head of his own prick, he put the soap back in its tray and placed his cockhead on target. Both his arms extended forward, positioned on each side of Allan's chest, his palms stretched wide. He pressed forward and Allan leaned back.

Daniel's cockhead slipped in. A circle of thick suds gathered around Allan's asshole, surrounding, like an incongruous halo, the tip of Daniel's submerged prick. Daniel pressed home again, searched his slippery hands around Allan's chest, and massaged the two erect nipples he found there.

"Fuck me, baby," Allan grunted, enjoying the fullness of the boy's cock up his ass. "Let me have that big, hard thing! Give me all of it, quick.

You're getting me horny, punk."

He couldn't believe it, after all they'd already done together.

Daniel chuckled with satisfaction, pushed more inches into Allan's asshole, and moved his hands down Allan's chest and stomach to grasp his swollen prick. Gripping Allan's erection in both hands, Daniel pushed his soapy hands along his prickshaft, bringing them together at the base of Allan's cock and using the leverage thus gained to push Allan's ass back toward his inserted prick. Daniel's cock slipped in all the way. His soap-covered stomach slipped against Allan's ass and his soaped balls caressed Allan's slippery ass cheeks.

"Good," Allan groaned. "It feels good!"

Daniel started pumping the skin of the other man's prick, playing with his prickhead, toying with it with his thumbs.

"Careful," Allan panted. "Don't shoot the fucking thing off yet... after all, we've got fifteen minutes and I may as well enjoy every one of them, every Goddamn inch of your prick!"

Daniel laughed breathlessly, removed his hands from the prick and began caressing Allan's stomach, flanks, and chest again. At the same time, he was constantly pumping his cock in and out of the guy's soap-slicked asshole.

"Too bad we're so pressed for time," he said after a minute of steady thrusts and partial withdrawals. "I'd like to let this go on and on."

"On and on and on," Allan agreed, exulting in the feeling of being impaled to the hilt on the young stud's precocious cock. "Oh, baby you fuck so nice!"

Daniel buried his cock to its base, ground his stomach hard into Allan's ass cheeks, and pulled him closer with his hands, which now rested on Allan's taut stomach. He muttered something which Allan couldn't catch as he shot his come up the dark, soap-lined cavity of Allan's ass.

He removed his cock slightly, plunging it back in as each new spurt of come traveled from its origin in his balls to its exit at the lips of his prick. His hands slipped over the muscular contours of Allan's mature body. His head rested against the man's shoulder blades. His tongue licked Allan's wet flesh. His eyes were shut against the rushing water, as his cock sprayed its load into Allan's asshole repeatedly, emptying itself.

"God, that was good!" Allan moaned. He let the boy's cock slip out of his ass, puffing with it the mixture of soap and jizz. The fluid dripped down between his legs and was washed away by the spray. Allan turned round to face the boy. They kissed. Daniel then turned his own ass toward Allan's erect cock, took the soap from its tray on the wall, soaped his own ass crack, and reached behind him to lather Allan's cock. Then, replacing the soap, he positioned the cock at the opening of his ass with one hand and braced himself against the tiled wall of the shower with the other palm, and with one violent thrust of his hips he buried the total length of the cock up his bowels.

"Fuck me!" Daniel shouted. "Fuck me hard!"

Allan didn't have to receive the invitation more than once. After all, they still had ten of the fifteen minutes left, and he couldn't think of a better place to spend them than between Daniel's ass cheeks.

CHAPTER THREE

Allan and Daniel weren't the only guys indulging in the pleasure of sex in the shower that Sunday morning: bored and restless without their usual work details to kill time, the inmates at the prison probably did more serious cruising and had more casual sex with each other on Sunday than on any other day of the week. The shower rooms, in particular, were notorious as hotbeds of activity at certain times.

Mike was an out front gay, and practically the prison whore, ready and eager to put out for anybody who could do him a favor, but often tricking just for the hell of it. The kid wasn't vicious; he was just amoral, and no one man was enough to satisfy him. He'd been hooked up, off and on, with several other convicts, sometimes with more than one at once, and thoroughly enjoyed the long, lust-filled sack time he spent with them.

But after a while he always got bored and succumbed to the old craving for sexual variety, for the new thrills that new partners might be able to provide.

It had been a typical Saturday night for Mike. He'd decided to give himself to Riley, a forty-two-year-old inmate who was liked and respected by almost all the other inmates within his quad because of his muscular physique, his dominant bearing and mannerisms, and his willingness to look out for the other homosexuals in his quad and to back them up if they were being unduly pressured or intimidated. Riley was a sort of "big brother," and Mike had decided that a little incestuous fling might be exciting. Riley wasn't hooked up at present, but he had paired off with other gay men in the past and had a reputation for sexual versatility which intrigued Mike.

The only problem was that Mike didn't want their first sexual encounter to be a quickie. He solved it by talking one of the guards into locking him up in Riley's cell with him overnight.

Mike had to suck the guard off in exchange for this favor, but that was fair enough, since the guy was risking his job by bringing the two convicts together.

The blow job was more than enough to get Mike thoroughly warmed up for Riley, and once they were locked in Riley's cell together just before lights-out he grinned at his latest trick and said casually, "Let's not waste any time, Riley... why don't we get right down to it and fuck?"

"God, you're an insatiable little bastard. The other guys told me you were like this -- always hot for cock."

"I'm not so little." Mike smiled. "Insatiable, yes. And I'll admit to the rest of it, too." He was already getting undressed. Naked, he sat on the edge of Riley's bunk, bouncing lightly up and down to test the firmness of the mattress.

"Came here, man. I want you right now! I can't wait."

Riley stripped quickly, flinging his clothes across the floor of the cell haphazardly, then crossed the small space to the bed and squatted on his haunches between Mike's legs so his face was level with the boy's. His hands gripped both the young Texan stud's legs and he dug his fingers into the solid, hairy flesh. His hands slid slowly up Mike's muscular thighs until his fingertips rested lightly against his hairy balls. He settled on his knees and drew himself closer to Mike's crotch, his lips pressing firmly against the top of Mike's thigh as his hands worked slowly back and forth over Mike's crotch, his fingers slipping in and out of the coarse jungle of thick hair and down to the thick cock hanging between the boy's legs.

Even soft, as it was now, Mike's prick was long enough to touch the bunk in his seated position. Riley's fingers rippled their way down its length and lifted it by the cockhead to cup it in his palm. He squeezed it gently and felt a faint throbbing response inside his fist. His mouth moved higher, kissing Mike's thighs wetly, his tongue drawing lazy circles through the silken hairs on the stud's thigh muscles.

Holding Mike's limp cock up, Riley drew his mouth down on it and made a quick, loving circle around his cockhead with his tongue. He felt Mike's prick throb again, beginning to swell against his lips as his head went lower and lower into Mike's crotch, until he had sucked every inch of the flaccid cock inside his mouth. He held it for a long moment without moving, enjoying the masculine taste of cock against his tongue and the faint musky aroma of his lover's balls. His fingers slipped down to lift Mike's balls and rub them slowly under his chin while his tongue began to caress his cockmeat with long, wet, lascivious strokes.

Mike groaned, shuddering slightly with pleasure as Riley's mouth began to tug on his prickshaft. After several minutes of sucking, he began to respond more aggressively, shoving his cock into Riley's mouth. Riley's breath came faster as Mike's prick grew harder inside his mouth, growing and extending its length and thickness until it pushed at the back of his throat and he had to ease his mouth up from the base or choke. Even though he'd blown hundreds of other virile, well-hung young cons, Riley was truly amazed by Mike's potency: the boy's prick in its present erect state was like a bar of hard rubber stuffed in his mouth, solid and barely flexible.

Taking a firm grip on the boy's thighs, Riley began to suck him with long, sure strokes. His mouth moved with practiced precision, paying special attention to the several inches of cock just below Mike's thick, ridged cockhead, where he correctly guessed Mike might be especially sensitive. But he had taken no more than a few thrilling mouthfuls of hard, hot cock when suddenly Mike's uncharacteristic passivity broke down altogether and he began to respond to the older man's oral lovemaking with wild, almost frantic enthusiasm. His hands clamped on the back of Riley's head and forced it all the way down, gagging him on the swollen piece of fuckmeat being driven into the depths of his throat. His knees pressed tightly into Riley's ribs, all but squeezing the breath from him, and he began to lunge at his face with a grinding, rolling motion of his hips and ass to drive his cock home.

"Suck it! Suck on that cock!" he panted, pressing harder on Riley's head to make sure he took all of it each time his hot mouth came down. "Suck it, I said! Suck it!"

Riley's heart beat frantically as the boy's strong hands forced his head down, and that enormous length of stud prick slid roughly into his throat. Only by consciously willing himself not to, was he able to keep from choking as the thick cockhead was wedged deep into his mouth and throat... he could feel every ripple of that solid muscle against his tongue, each hard throb of the thick veins pulsing on his lips as it was driven in and out. His fingers were dug deeply into Mike's thighs. The drool ran from his mouth and down onto his chest where it slid into a little puddle on the floor between his knees. His ears were beginning to ring, his eyes were burning hot and on the point of brimming over with tears from the emotional fever surging up within him as he sucked.

"Harder, fucker!" Mike moaned. "Suck it harder! Eat that fucking dick!"

Riley tried to suck his horny young trick's cock harder, as he wanted, but with his head held so tightly between Mike's firm hands, it was all -

- but impossible. He had almost no control over what was happening now.

All he could do was keep his mouth open to receive the plunging cock ramming into it!

Suddenly, he was pushed roughly away. He looked up at Mike's face in surprise. "What's the matter, man?" he whispered hoarsely. "Didn't you like it?"

"Turn around!" Mike ordered. "Sit on the floor with your back against the bunk."

Riley did as he was told, uncertain of just what Mike had in mind until the kid moved up to him, his swollen cock all gleaming wet and slippery with the juice of Riley's mouth. He bent forward to recapture it, but Mike laughed and held him off.

"You want it bad, don't you, big man?" he teased. "You want to suck it some more? You want to suck the hot come out of it? You want to feel my scum squirting down your cocksucking throat? Huh? Do you?"

"You know I do, you prickteasing, oversexed bastard!" Riley growled.

"Give me that fucking cock! Ram it in my mouth! Let me have it!"

"Are you going to swallow it? Are you going to drink down all the hot jism I give you, buddy?"

"You're damn right I am!" Riley's hands slid around to Mike's solid ass cheeks, squeezing the mounds tightly, trying to draw him forward and drive the cock bobbing so temptingly in front of his face back inside his open, panting, salivating mouth. "Give it to me!" he begged desperately.

"Let me suck your cock!"

Mike's hand gripped his prick at the base and he bent forwards rubbing the slippery tip of it up and down Riley's cheek, pressing closer so that his hairy balls swung less than an inch from the other man's mouth. He hesitated a moment, then put his other hand behind Riley's head and shoved his face into his wet and hairy balls.

"Suck them first!" he ordered. "Suck on my balls first, if you want my cock so fucking bad!"

Riley gasped involuntarily as his mouth greedily seized upon the offering... his lips tightened around the big balls as soon as he'd pulled them into his mouth. His tongue licked slowly over them, relishing the heady taste of the wrinkled skin and the fur covering it. His fingers tightened on Mike's ass cheeks. He could feel the hardness of the boy's swollen prick pressing against his nose. His tongue rolled those huge balls from cheek to cheek, swallowing them farther and farther back into his mouth until it seemed they would slip right down his throat.

"Yesssss!" Mike hissed in ecstasy. "That's the way! Suck them! Oh Jesus!"

Suck them! Suck my nuts off!"

Riley's mouth worked feverishly on Mike's balls while Mike ground his hips from side to side in a steadily mounting fervor.

"Oh, God! That feels so fucking good, your mouth on my hot nuts!" he groaned. "Suck them! Jesus, suck them forever!"

He was gasping heavily, punctuating the instinctive sounds of pleasure with short, vulgar bursts of obscenity. His legs were tensing, his hands on Riley's shoulders digging harder into his flesh as his excitement grew stronger, more urgent.

"So good! So fucking good!" he moaned. Suddenly he gasped harder and pulled Riley's mouth off his balls. "Now, baby!" he choked, staring down at Riley's wide-eyed, pleadingly. "Take my cock in your mouth now if you want my come! I'm going to shoot! I've got to! I'm coming! Oh Christ, yes

-- I'm coming, now!"

Riley's mouth pulled off the boy's balls with a loud, slurping pop and was instantly filled to its depths with solid, hot cock about to burst into ejaculation. Mike lunged forward, bracing himself on the bunk with both hands, driving Riley's head so far back that for a moment he thought his neck was going to snap.

"Jesus!" Mike screamed. "I'm coming, I'm there! It's -- oh God! God! Take it! Take it! Take that fucking come in your mouth! In your mouth! Swallow it? Take it! Ahhhhh!"

Every inch of the stud's swollen, erupting cockshaft was buried in Riley's mouth, emptying its hot squirts of jizz straight down his throat.

Burst after burst of the creamy, warm come poured from his cock, flooding Riley's mouth until it dribbled from his lips and fell in long, gluey strands to the floor. And still it kept coming, as though it was never going to stop. Riley didn't want it to! When at last it did, Mike slowly withdrew his cock and allowed Riley to swallow. He coughed hard on the congested wad of come as it slid down his throat, then got shakily to his feet for a moment before collapsing weakly on the edge of the bed.

"You all right?" Mike asked him teasingly. Riley coughed again, his eyes watering. "I'm just fine, kid," he managed to choke out.

"Kiss me!" Mike whispered, joining him on the bed, his breath hot on Riley's face. "Let me taste that fucking jism!"

Wrapping his arms tightly around Mike's back, Riley brought his mouth to his young lover's waiting lips and they kissed with the fury of a sudden volcanic explosion. Their mouths ground hard together in slow circular motions as they kissed, their cocks hardening. Riley's hands raced down his trick's back, clasped him by his ass cheeks and pulled him tightly against himself. He could feel the solid throbbing of Mike's cock on his own. Despite his violent orgasm, Mike hadn't softened at all... and Riley's neglected hard-on was equally rigid and pulsating as it dueled with the other man's.

With Mike locked in his arms, he rolled in the bed, turning them both onto their sides. His hand worked between their bodies to grasp the boy's erect cock. Mike moaned and pulled slightly away, giving him room to play with it. Riley tugged at his hard cock, pulling on it and squeezing and stroking it until it was like a bar of steel inside his fist.

"Suck me some more!" Mike moaned. "Quick, man! You're getting me so horny I'm going to come again any minute!"

Riley broke from his grasp and scrambled down the bunk, quickly positioning himself between the boy's widespread legs. He bent Mike's stiff prick up to take it into his mouth, but just before his eager lips touched it, Mike stopped him.

"No, turn around!" Mike whispered. "Let me suck you, too! I want to sixty-nine with you, Riley!"

Riley's cock throbbed with lewd anticipation as he shifted his position, swinging his legs up until he was lying in the opposite direction from Mike on the narrow mattress.

"Not on our sides," Mike panted. "Lie on top of me! Stuff your cock down my fucking throat while you eat me again so I can see your asshole and play with it while I'm blowing you!"

The boy's explicit directions excited Riley all the more by their direct, healthy, uninhibited vulgarity. Some of the cons Riley tricked with were shy or coy in bed, and Riley was grateful for complete openness and erotic abandon in a sex partner, for a change. Dirty talk turned him on almost as much as the sex acts themselves, and hearing Mike's explicit lewdness made him eager to respond with the same degree of animal urgency.

"Oh fuck!" Mike grunted, looking up at the length of Riley's stiff prick hovering above his face.

In that position, all he could see of the other man was his cock and balls and the thick growth of crotch hair around them, spreading up into the hairy gap between his hard-muscled, flexing ass cheeks and surrounding the twitching pink asshole itself.

"Look at that big fucking stud prick of yours," he panted lasciviously, licking his lips. "Just look at it... hell, why just look at it? Let me feel it, man... let me taste the fucker!"

He grabbed Riley's cock at the base and pointed it down until his cockhead was only an inch or two away from his open mouth.

"Shove it in me!" he moaned. "Jesus, Riley, drive that, big prick all the way down my throat, all the way down into my guts! Fuck my face with it as if it were a cunt!"

Mike's other hand wrapped itself around Riley's ass and shoved down on it, gorging his mouth with Riley's massive prick. Riley felt the boy's throat reflexes as he began to choke on it and tried to back off, but instead of lifting up, as Mike evidently wanted him to, he lunged down harder on the boy's face, planting his cock firmly in his throat... at the same moment, his own mouth drove down on Mike's prick; taking it just as deeply as fully. He winced with pain as his trick's hands squeezed his hips and ass cheeks to make him lift up, but he didn't budge. Only the slight rocking motion of his thighs as he drove in and out of the kid's mouth broke the solidity of his weight over him.

Despite Mike's gurgled protests, Riley knew he was excited by this rape of his mouth and throat; he could feel it in the stiffness of Mike's cock as he sucked it, the tightening of his legs as he came nearer and nearer to ejaculation. But Riley too, was ready to come, though he wanted to wait until Mike was shooting his jism into his mouth before he gave up his own fuck fluid. He sucked ravenously, twisting and turning his head to make his tongue attack the boy's cock at a new angle with each pull of his lips, each hard stab of the shaft into his mouth.

Suddenly he heard a muffled whimper, and in the next instant tasted the sharp, salty burst of Mike's hot come shooting into his mouth. He lunged down with his hips and with his prick buried deeply in the guy's throat, let go. It was an incredible sensation... they came in each other's sucking, slurping mouths with the same violent, simultaneous bursts, swallowing and spurting at the same time, each man experiencing to the fullest possible extent what his partner was feeling as he climaxed.

When Riley finally lifted himself off the boy and swung his weight around so that they were lying side-by-side once again, he felt as though he'd been pulled bodily through the huge wringer down in the prison's laundry room, and then dipped into a hot bath of his own sweat. But he also felt more sexually satisfied than he had in days -- and the night was still young.

They'd fucked, of course, during the night, and then again in the morning after waking up in each other's arms. Then, ignoring Riley's pleas for him to stick around, Mike got off and left as soon as the cell door was unlocked and rolled back. Brazenly, he walked to his own cell stark naked, carrying his clothes. He deposited them there and grabbed a towel and some soap, then hurried to take a much-needed shower. He wrapped the towel around his waist on the way. It wasn't really large enough to cover him with complete modesty; but modesty was hardly the point.

Despite the relative earliness of the hour, the shower area seemed crowded. It was an ideal place for sexual contacts because of the nudity and the semiprivacy provided by the fact that the front dividing wall parallel to the hallway was solid for about five feet up and glass extended above that point: the occupants were visible from their shoulders up, but the steam from the showers usually obscured the windows, and any guys who wanted

to be really discreet could simply bend over, get down on their knees, or adjourn to the adjacent toilet area to fuck or suck each other.

Mike could here the unmistakable sounds of male sex as he neared the showers: faint moanings, the slap of wet bodies banging together, the slurping sounds of enthusiastic fellatio, the squish of lubricant as hard cocks were shoved in and out of tight, willing assholes. Someone let out a series of loud, unrestrained cries that were either the proof of orgasm or a plea for it. Mike shivered with hot, excited anticipation as he hung up his towel and entered the tiled room. The heat was intense, and although there were several light bulbs in the ceiling there was so much thick steam that he could barely make out the naked, humping bodies of the men who were having an impromptu orgy behind the partition, and Mike's body was suddenly wet with sweat all over, gleaming like damp polished ivory in the dim light.

A dark, bulky figure loomed up in the mist before him, and then two strong hands were resting on his hips and caressing his body intimately.

Mike wiped the sweat from his eyelids in order to see better before he committed himself to sex. He was in luck, for the inmate was young and powerfully built, obviously one of the guys who worked out every day in the gym. Responding boldly to the other guy's advances, Mike felt rather than saw that he had a thick, muscular body, with some telltale softness only around the belly and waist, the kind of physique that was clearly the product of dedicated iron pumping. Long black hair, wet and tangled with sweat, fell heavily over the guy's broad, rounded shoulders, and he had a thick mustache that drooped down at the corners. From what Mike could see and feel of his face, it was pleasant and virile, if by no means conventionally handsome.

At any rate, Mike was much more interested in the guy's hard, hairy body and erect cock. He ran his hands from his shoulders down over the flat planes of his chest, pausing for an instant over his stiff-standing nipples. Then he quickly dropped his hands to the man's crotch, grasping and stroking the huge protuberance he found there. It was enormous, a thick curved length of solid cock with an odd, almost mushroom-shaped, head that thrust out eagerly from the folds of his retracted foreskin.

Mike moaned with naked, undisguised lust as he moved in closer, pressing his nude body against the long-haired stud's so that his monster prickhead rubbed over his belly as he stroked it with both hands. A prominent, blood swollen vein twitched violently beneath the ball of his thumb, and the guy's entire fuck shaft was slippery with sweat and dribbled emissions. This was going to be just the kind of hard, fast, no holds-barred erotic encounter that Mike specialized in.

He heard faint sounds elsewhere in the hot, foggy room. He was vaguely aware of other naked bodies moving against each other in the clouds of steam and knew that other men were in the room, having sex in various ways and combinations. Mike wasn't interested: he had enough to keep him occupied in the sexy longhaired stud who was kissing him. Their panting mouths were wide open to gulp in as much air as possible, their overheated bodies crushing together wetly as their tongues darted toward one another and rolled together, then plunged into the dark moist cavities beyond, each man exploring the interior of the other's mouth thoroughly. Then the stud's hands were gripping Mike by the waist, pulling him down on the tiled floor.

It all happened very quickly; any inhibitions either young man might have had about having sex where the guards might catch them were immediately stripped from them by the heat, the sweaty nudity, the almost oppressive atmosphere of compulsive, desperate sex. It reduced the men inside the steam-filled room to the level of mindless, rutting animals who had only one intention: to relieve their throbbing balls as quickly and as thoroughly as they could.

Mike sat down on the shower area's floor, marveling at how cool the tiles were to the touch, while the very air seemed to scorch the skin it touched. His happy young partner sat beside him, twisting his muscular body so that they were facing each other, torsos tightly pressed together in sweaty contact, mouths seeking mouths, hands brushing wet hair, sex organs rubbing together and only arousing them that much more.

Moaning, the young bodybuilder broke their kiss and buried his head in Mike's crotch. Mike took the other guy's long dark locks of hair in his hands and spread them luxuriantly over his lap, savoring the way the wet hair

caressed his hot, damp skin, as he felt the other youth swallow up his cockhead and half of his turgid fuckmeat.

The soft lips and the moist interior of that sucking mouth were, surprisingly, much cooler than the air around the steaming-hot shower heads, and Mike sighed with contented relief as the other young stud began to blow him frantically, sliding his lips up and down along the slick piston of Mike's prickshaft. He was jabbing his huge rounded cockhead against the back of his mouth with reckless abandon at each quickly repeated downstroke. The long-haired guy gagged repeatedly as he took too much cock too fast for comfort; but he held on with grim, uncaring determination, pumping up and down on Mike's fuck root with more skill. The boy bit his lip to keep from screaming as the other guy's teeth grazed the knob of his prick; but he was too aroused by the rough blow job to protest or ask the guy to slow down and take it easy.

Still working on Mike's cock, the other guy shifted his position a bit, put his hands on Mike's shoulders, and pulled him down, grunting unintelligibly. Mike knew that he was expected to reciprocate, so he quickly stretched out flat on his back on the wet floor and let the other stud sprawl on top of his writhing body in a tight, feverish sixty-nine position.

As a hot, wet, lapping tongue was added to the eager, if rather inexperienced, lips that were eating his fuckmeat, Mike seized his partner's enormous curved cock and bent it down, hurting the stud a little, so that he could take the thick, blunt head into his mouth. He realized at once that there was just too much hard cock banging there between those muscular thighs for him to handle orally, so he kept one fist wrapped tightly around the shaft, milking it with quick, violent squeezing strokes.

To compensate for not being able to take in his partner all the way, Mike thrust the fingers of his free hand between the stud's deep, portal ass cheeks. His ass ring had been relaxed by exposure to the heat and steam, and the moist tissues yielded readily to Mike's digital invasion. He was able without any difficulty to thrust the tips of all four of his fingers inside the guy's shitter, and spreading the tough muscle wide, finger-fucked him ruthlessly, digging his fingernails into the super-sensitive flesh and exerting a fierce friction all around his squirming asshole.

It drove the long-haired stud wild! He humped his lower body furiously to increase the friction of his cock against Mike's lips and fist, his big, bull-like balls -- loosened in their furry sac by the heat and humidity -

- bouncing against Mike's puffed-out cheeks and the heel of his masturbating hand.

Grunting savagely, the guy thrust both his hands under Mike's body, and puffing the boy's lush ass cheeks apart, began to molest his asshole in playful retaliation. Mike only increased his own exertions, finger-fucking his partner's asshole roughly and deeply, so that it wasn't long before both young men, their bodies glowing with sweat, exploded in each other's ravenous mouths.

Mike moaned as his overheated flesh went into the wild, pounding, uncontrollable throes and spasms of violent orgasm. He held his breath as his own blast of fiery come was answered by a flood of salty tasting fluid inside his own mouth. Their athletic young limbs twitched and jerked and intertwined in exultant convulsions as the two studs poured their liquid offerings into the steaming receptacles of one another's bodies. Both came close to passing out from exhaustion and the fierce heat as they shot their thick seed down each other's parched throats.

"I'd like to fuck you, man!" the long-haired stud whispered passionately as they rested, Mike still lying under his sweaty weight. He pressed his lips to Mike's thighs, then kissed his softening cock.

"Maybe in a minute, man -- okay?" Mike muttered in reply. "I'm going to die unless I get under a cold shower soon..."

He planted a hasty kiss on the guy's thigh, tasting the salt of his sweat mixed with the come in his own mouth. He pushed the husky body off him and got shakily to his feet. He almost tripped over two men who were fucking on the floor right beside them, one belly down, the other mounting and humping him energetically. He went to stand under one of the showerheads and turned the cold water on full force, drenching himself to dispel some of the steam in the room.

As he adjusted the water to lukewarm and started soaping himself, Mike noticed a gorgeous black man scrubbing himself nearby. His body was exceptionally well-proportioned and muscular, and it looked like polished mahogany as he soaped himself up with both hands, creating a cloud of creamy suds all over that luscious chocolate-colored flesh. He was young and handsome, too, with features that, though strong and unmistakably African, were not coarse. His head was crowned by a sleek Afro that glistened with drops of water from the spray.

Despite the hot session he'd just been through with the long-haired bodybuilder, who was also showering now, Mike was too aroused to play coy or hard to get. He walked right up to the smiling black stud and leaned against the wall of the shower room, looking the man directly in the eyes, as he fondled himself slowly back into erection and said, "Want to fuck me?"

The black man chuckled. "You don't waste any time, do you?"

"Not when I'm this horny." Mike flung his arms around the man's sculptured ebony neck and kissed him boldly, grinding his sweaty body against the soap-slick surfaces of the black's hard muscularity. A colossal hard-on pressed into his groin from below. Two well-hung numbers in a row! Mike congratulated himself on the fantastic luck he was having this morning so far.

He threw all sense of shame to the winds and became utterly, animalistically, brazen even by his own free-wheeling, no-nonsense standards.

He broke the kiss before the black con had had more than a tantalizing taste of his lush mouth, and, turning around quickly, seized the bar of soap and worked up a thick lather between his hands. Then, as the well-hung black stallion stroked his hips and felt for his cock and balls, Mike lubricated his asshole by wiping his sudsy hands off between his ass cheeks. He dropped the soap and thrust his ass back with an imperious

"fuck me!" It was the kind of invitation that no horny inmate would have been able to resist, and the black man complied, shoving his body forward and jabbing his cock eagerly between the other guy's smooth buttocks in an

impatient quest for his fuckhole. Mike cried out with delirious pain and pleasure as he felt the black stud strain to possess him, the huge head of that massive dark cock squeezing tightly, effortlessly, through the rim of his ass and pressing inward to fill the bottleneck completely with hard male meat.

"Ohhh! Yeah! Fuck my ass!" Mike hissed between clenched teeth as he raised himself up on tiptoe and shoved his ass backwards to facilitate the stud's conquest of his ass. He screamed once in sudden pain, then relaxed and spat out every lewd expression he knew as that enormous cockhead pushed its remorseless way deeper inside his ass canal and was followed by inch after inch of tough, throbbing prickshaft. Despite his conscious efforts to stay calm and let his body accept the invader, Mike's asshole couldn't help reacting violently, involuntarily clamping down and contracting in repeated muscular spasms in an attempt to force that titanic cock out, or at least prevent it from entering any farther.

Frustrated, the black man wrapped his strong arms around Mike's waist and squeezed him hard, almost crushing the boy's ribcage as he shoved the rest of his turgid fuckmeat up into that often-fucked but still remarkably tight, hot ass channel by brute force. Mike screamed again, his piercing shriek echoing gruesomely off the walls, and then went limp as his tortured flesh resigned itself to the inevitable.

His lover clapped his palm over his mouth to shut him up.

"Keep quiet, baby," he advised. "We don't want the fucking guards to hear you and come running!"

"Fuck me," Mike gasped against the guy's hand, which he licked with his tongue. "Oh, fuck my ass with your big, black prick, stud." He needed only a few seconds to get used to the shocking distention in his ass ring. It felt as though a too-small condom -- his asshole been forcibly unrolled over the black dude's cock, and that the condom was shrinking even as the cock swelled larger. But when the bitch stud began to thrust his tight-pinched fucker up and down inside that tight-gripping shitter.

Mike felt only a fierce pleasure that was worth any pain.

He moved with his lover, grinding his ass cheeks back and forth against the other man's hips, loving every pang that shot through his body as that huge cock took him and used him. The black guy was jerking him off now with a touch that was at once both tender and urgent. He'd left the shower running, and as the warm water streamed over their bodies, soaking them, Mike closed his eyes and pressed his wet cheek into the curve of his partner's throat. He had the strange but not unpleasant illusion that he was slowly, painlessly drowning as he was fucked. He moved his lips and tongue to utter obscene encouragements, but somehow they refused to obey him and all that emerged was a series of grunts and groans and gasps from deep in his throat.

For long minutes that gave the impression of being hours, the black cock stabbed again and again into the hot flesh that lay between his milk-white ass cheeks. Mike came first. His cock jerked within the black man's tight, two-fisted grip, spraying the wall with an irregular pattern of potent young fuck cream. The rest of his warm, wet load splattered over his masturbator's knuckles as it lost its initial momentum.

Mike's ass contracted violently as he came, triggering the black man's own orgasm. He lost so much semen that Mike's asshole became slippery with the stuff, and the black man's rapidly softening cock slipped out of his asshole as he worked his hips in a desperate attempt to keep the friction going and prolong the ecstasy of his release. The black man, his broad chest heaving, leaned back against the wall and tried to keep his balance as his head reeled.

"Hey, better cool it, guys," a convict who was acting as lookout hissed suddenly, hurrying back into the shower area naked and grabbing a towel to conceal his erection. "One of the Goddamn guards is coming this way!"

There were groans of frustration as the guys who hadn't come yet, or who had, but still weren't fully satisfied, reluctantly broke apart and pretended to be showering or drying off. Mike recovered from his orgasm quickly, and turned around in a slow circle under the spray, washing himself off as best as he could with his hands. He laughed softly as he felt the come seep out of his ass and drip down the backs of his thighs, only to be washed away by the rush of warm water from the shower head.

The guard, who was now loitering on the other side of the partition, wasn't going to find any incriminating evidence on Mike!

"Hey -- wait," the black man whispered as Mike left the showers.

"I can't -- I'm fucked out for now, man, and that guard looks like he's going to hang around a while. I think he's a closet case who gets off on eyeballing our naked bodies and our cocks, man!"

His new fuck buddy chuckled. "If you're horny later, come to my cell."

"Maybe I will," Mike promised as he slipped out of the shower area, drying himself vigorously with the towel as he went down the corridor.

One of the guys he'd been hooked up with briefly was waiting for him in his cell, sitting on Mike's obviously un-slept-in bunk.

"Hi," Mike said casually, standing naked in the doorway, still drying himself, shaking his wet hair.

"Where've you been all night?"

Mike shrugged. "Around."

"Fucking around?"

"Maybe. What's it to you, anyway?"

"I thought we had something going together."

"We did... for a while. But you're not the only horny guy in this quad, for Christ's sake."

Mike sensed that an argument was brewing, and decided to distract and pacify his friend and former lover with a little quick sex. He dropped the towel and stretched out on the bunk, taking his cock in his hand and stroking it suggestively.

"Come on, man, I'll make it up to you," he whispered, smiling seductively. "You used to go crazy over my cock -- remember? Come on, take your clothes off. Let's have some fun!"

The other convict hesitated, then quickly stripped. His magnificent male body glowed in the harsh light of the naked overhead bulb in the cell as he turned toward Mike and sat down on the bed. His cock stuck almost straight up from between his solidly-muscled legs, and Mike watched in fascination as a single pearly drop of fluid oozed from between the parted lips of the cock-mouth and, catching the light, slid slowly down the blue-veined shaft of his prick.

Choking back a moan of pure lust, Mike thrust his head into the man's crotch and darted his tongue out to catch the drop of semen and lick it up, running his tongue-tip slowly back up the entire length of the guy's huge prick to lap up every trace of the dribbled fluid. He felt the husky man tremble as he drilled his tongue into the pouting gap of his piss-slit, and, opening his mouth wide, went down on him completely. Strong, callused hands gripped his shoulders and his head, holding him down.

Mike groped for the man's muscular ass cheeks, found them, gripped them, and tugged, mutely urging his old sex partner to stretch out on the bed beside him so that they could sixty-nine. He closed his eyes and groaned with happiness as he felt the other guy comply at once. His warm, wet lips engulfed his prick and went to work on it with all the expertise and tender loving care that the young bodybuilder had lacked earlier that morning. The two men lay on their sides, heads thrust between one another's thighs, hard-on's sliding slowly, wetly, in and out of one another's greedy mouth, fingers toying with one another's ass or balls.

Mike was too tired out from his earlier erotic exploits to want frantic, quickie sex this time. It had been a good idea, after all, to make this guy a little jealous; he'd appreciate Mike more, not take him for granted. After a long and utterly pleasurable time, Mike felt himself getting close to a climax -- he'd lost count of how many times he'd already come during the past twenty-four hours -- so he gently pushed his lover away, and very reluctantly, stopped sucking on the man's juicy stud cock. They lay on the bed, embracing, resting quietly.

"I want you," Mike whispered. "I want your cock in my ass."

Christ, I just can't seem to get enough in there today! he thought lewdly, gloatingly.

"Please fuck me!"

He rolled over onto his back and let the other man straddle his hips. He found his almost empty tube of K-Y and applied it sparingly to the huge cock that rose up next to his own. Then he thrust two greased fingertips inside his asshole and worked them around.

His lover lifted Mike's legs and rested them on his shoulders as he bent his muscular body forward. He grasped his cock in his left fist and bent it down to position it between the boy's ass cheeks. His right hand dropped down into the narrow space between the bunk and the wall of the cell, reaching, fumbling for something.

"Stick it in me!" Mike urged, gritting his teeth.

"All right, you fucking whore," the other man said coldly, raising his right arm high above his head.

Mike's eyes widened in disbelief as he saw the icepick in the man's tight fist. He opened his mouth to scream, but the man seized the pillow in his left hand and pressed it over Mike's face, muffling his cry, half-smothering him. At the same moment, the icepick descended and struck home with a sickening crunch.

Mike tore the pillowcase with his teeth as a second scream of agony died away in his throat and his body heaved, blood spurting from the wound.

The other convict pressed down on the pillow and drove his cock all the way up the young stud's asshole as he plunged the icepick into the unresisting body beneath him again and again, until the sheets on the bunk were stained crimson with blood. Mike's ass contracted violently in the spasms of death, and the other man came almost at once, firing blast upon blast of boiling seed into the limp body of his victim.

He was drenched with sweat and splattered with blood when he was finished. He wiped himself off on the damp towel Mike had brought back from the showers with him, then used it to obliterate any fingerprints he might have put on the murder weapon, which he casually dropped on the bed. He collected his clothes and went out into the corridor, naked, and headed toward the showers.

He was smiling pleasantly to himself as he showered thoroughly under the impassive stare of the guard on duty.

CHAPTER FOUR

"Of course nobody saw or heard anything," the warden spat out contemptuously. "You know these prisoners and their Goddamn code, the way they'll never inform on each other. Not that this punk is any great loss.

Apparently he was screwing around with half the men on his tier this morning, including the guy who killed him. The doctor examined him and said right away that the kid's asshole had been fucked raw."

Allan had to force himself not to smirk as he exchanged glances with the other two guards who had volunteered to pull extra duty. The warden was never a man to mince words, and both guys were blushing slightly at his bluntness. Allan knew them but had never gotten intimate with either of them, sexually or otherwise: Stan Gospodarski and Robert Wilson, both in their twenties, capable men, slightly redneck. Off the job, they were drinking buddies, and, Allan strongly suspected, fuck buddies as well. It seemed significant that neither guy was married and that they spent so much of their free time together.

"...so we may never find out who killed him," the warden was saying.

"Still, I don't want any of these faggots to think they can settle their differences with an icepick and get away with it, and I'd sure as hell like to know how that icepick got in here in the first place. I'm not going to provoke a riot by ordering a general lockup, but I do want you men to sweep all the tiers in random order and be on the lookout for contraband, especially weapons. Confiscate anything you find and slap the men involved with disciplinary write-ups. And, of course, cooperate with the investigating officers in any way you can. The inmates must be talking among themselves by now, so report anything you overhear that might have a bearing on the murder directly to me. That's about it for now, men, and thanks again for coming in and helping out."

He hesitated, then indicated the newspaper lying on his desk. "Just one further thing. I imagine you've all seen this garbage, about the correctional

officer who was caught fucking an inmate upstate. I don't have to tell you that this is the kind of publicity the prison system doesn't need. It makes us all look bad. I'm no fool and I know that you guards stick up for each other just like the inmates do. But I hope that any man working under me who finds out that this sort of thing -- sex between guards and convicts -- is going on in here, would have enough balls to report it to me."

"I've never been so hard up for sex that I had any desire to trick with an inmate, sir," Allan said blandly, "and I'm sure the same goes for the other guys."

"None of that shit goes on in here," Wilson said.

Gospodarski, who tended to be a man of few words while on duty, merely grunted in agreement -- although Allan noticed that he was blushing again.

Mike's untimely death was indeed the talk of the quad that night. Riley was crying during dinner, and left the dining hall quickly as the other inmates, touched yet embarrassed by this uncharacteristic display of emotion, fell silent for a moment.

"What a waste," Steve, the long-haired body builder had sex with Mike shortly before his murder, sighed. "That Mike was a beautiful guy, and he'd promised to let me fuck him later."

Daryl was tense and jumpy, like all the other guys, and Steve's remark pushed him over the edge. "Why don't you set up a shrine to him in your fucking cell and light candles in front of it, for Christ's sake," he said irritably, shocking himself with his own cynicism. "There're plenty of other guys around to take his place as the cellblock whore."

"He got what he deserved," Everett, who happened to be eating at their table, said coldly. "He played one guy off against the other..."

"That's not a very Christian thing to say," Daryl couldn't help retorting. Everett looked at him in a way that made Daryl's blood run cold and his cock twitch between his legs with desperate, reckless, inexplicable lust.

"We're all sinners," the big blond man said softly, still staring into Daryl's eyes. "You ought to let his death be a warning to you... to all of you."

"Yeah, I'll never suck a cock again," Daryl responded flippantly, and the nervous laughter his comment provoked at least broke some of the tension.

Daryl had been sexually excited in a dark, sinister, reckless way all afternoon, ever since they'd gotten the news of Mike's death, and now he made sure that Everett could hear him as he leaned, across the table toward Steve and whispered to him, "Riley's taking this pretty bad... I think he was falling in love with that promiscuous bastard, Mike, even though last night was the first time they'd tricked. Maybe we could do something tonight to cheer him up."

"Like what?" Steve asked innocently.

"Like getting into a three-way... you, me, and Riley," he suggested brazenly, enjoying the way Everett bit his lip in disapproval and, having apparently lost his appetite all of a sudden, pushed his tray away. "We all owe Riley," Daryl went on, "and if you're still hot to fuck somebody, well, I'm available."

He didn't have much difficulty talking Steve into it, and the husky young stud bodybuilder agreed to accompany Daryl to Riley's cell after dinner and try to seduce the alder guy. Daryl figured that, between the two of them, they'd take Riley's mind off Mike pretty fast and thoroughly.

"Riley's kind of conservative," Daryl whispered to Steve in the corridor outside the third man's cell. "Why don't I go in first and try my luck?"

If I can talk him into balling me, I'll warm him up first, and then you can come in and I'll tell him it's cool, that you and I are sort of hooked up with each other, but get into three-ways all the time. That way, Riley won't be so embarrassed about the idea of you joining in, and in the meanwhile you can watch out for the fucking guards."

Daryl dropped in on Riley under the pretense of asking him if he had any instant coffee: Riley made some on his hot plate, and as they drank it

together, Daryl quickly and expertly steered their conversation toward sex, talking about how horny he was, how long it had been since he had an orgasm. The bullshit turned Riley on, as Daryl had hoped, and when Daryl threw himself at the older stud, he responded, and they were soon stretched out naked on the narrow bunk together. They kissed and held each other tightly, their tongues darting deep into each other's open mouth, their hands boldly tracing the contours of each other's body. With a moan of lust, Riley crushed Daryl closer, his lips touching Daryl's ear, his tongue slipping into the opening, sending a shudder through the younger man as he licked. In a moment, their lips touched again and a warm glow washed over both men's flesh as they melted together.

Riley was a total lover, his whole body responding to Daryl's caresses, the muscles and curves of his solid flesh thrilling Daryl as he fondled him all over. They moved slowly and methodically against each other, but with growing excitement, relaxing nude against each other's bulk. Riley's mature physique was like a statue carved in rock, his arms and pectoral muscles tight yet voluptuously sensual. As Daryl ran his fingers down the other man's chest to his side and then around in back to grip his ass, he kissed him hard on the mouth; moving against him, conscious of the rigid cocks between their bellies. Both of their pricks were pulsing hotly against each other. Daryl gasped as Riley pressed even harder into their embrace, his hips thrusting up to meet Daryl's, his powerful legs twisted around Daryl's.

They sucked on each other's tongue, their hands alternately gripping and then touching lightly all the secret places, all the intimate spots. They were both deliriously aroused, and it wouldn't take long for their mutual passion to reach the boiling point of a double climax at this rate.

Daryl moved down the other stud's body kissing his hairy chest, sucking on his nipples until they stood out hard and red. Riley was panting hoarsely as Daryl traced a pattern down his abdomen to his stomach, his mouth taking little nips at his sinewy body, his tongue wetting the fine trace of hair just below the navel. Riley knew what to expect, knew that Daryl would soon be biting deeply into him.

Daryl opened his mouth and sank his teeth into the firm hips of the other stud, at the same time, slipping his hand around to grip one of his ass

cheeks. And then he rode him as the older convict rose up off the bunk with a cry, trying to escape Daryl's demanding mouth, yet loving it all the while.

Daryl's fingers sought out his asscrack, then he slipped one into his asshole. At first Riley tightened and it hurt him, but in another instant he relaxed his ass ring and Daryl's finger sank deep inside, all the way to the knuckle. He moaned in ecstasy, rolling on the bunk, responding to both the intrusion of Daryl's hand between his ass and his mouth continuing to worry his hip and thigh flesh.

Daryl released his hold, moving his mouth quickly over to the other guy's cock, the heat of it shocking him on contact. He hadn't realized how enormously Riley was hung! His chin hit Riley's prickshaft and he reared back to stare at it for a moment. It seemed gigantic in the intimacy of the semi-darkened prison cell. It was shining, lusty and virile-looking, as the long thick shaft pointed toward Riley's chest, his cockhead actually touching his navel. Daryl sucked his breath in quickly as he contemplated taking all that fuckmeat into his mouth.

He dropped down before he had a chance to reconsider, pressing his lips to the pulsing hard-on, running his tongue up and down over it. Riley groaned, pressing his hips up to him, begging him to take it. But Daryl wanted to delay, to give him enough erotic anguish to bring on a torrential cloudburst of come when he did ejaculate in his mouth. His tongue tickled Riley's cockhead just below the crown, a highly sensitive area; Riley was gasping with quick short spurts of breath, his hands on Daryl's head, gripping his hair, his legs lifting up and around Daryl's back.

Daryl touched his balls -- heavy and pendulous. He held them lightly at first, then squeezed them in his palm, hefting them, marveling at their fullness.

The other man was more than ready now, so Daryl slipped his other hand around the shaft of his big cock and pulled it toward his lips. As he did so, his mouth opened wide and his lips enclosed his cockhead, sinking down, down as far as he could go without choking.

His partners body contracted, his legs tightening around him, and he cried out in agonized pleasure. He was on the verge of coming, and Daryl was determined to let him experience this delightful frustration to the full. Daryl rolled his balls frantically between his fingers as he moved his head up and down with all the speed he could muster. He sucked with tremendous pressure as he drew back and then let his mouth just barely touch the circumference of that stud cock as he slipped it back down.

This alternating pressure -- first heavy, then light -- was beginning to really work on the guy as sweat broke out all over him and his moans were more sobs than expressions of desire.

His body was pounding up and down on the mattress. Daryl released his balls and ran both hands up and down his body, feeling every bit of it.

He gripped his hips, whipping one hand around to his ass again. Without giving him any warning or allowing him to relax, Daryl brutally shoved two fingers into his asshole.

Riley screamed out loud then and almost threw Daryl off him as he shot into the boy's mouth. His ejaculation bit the back of Daryl's throat with great force. Daryl held on, sinking the two fingers even deeper up his ass, shoving his own head down the length of the other man's cock as far as he could go. Riley came again and again, the hot, fiery liquid steaming into Daryl's throat. Daryl swallowed it as quickly as he could, knowing that another spurt would follow each gulp.

He felt a perverse excitement when he thought about how Mike must've sucked Riley off at least once the night before, and yet, now Riley was responding as though he hadn't had sex for days. He was loaded with sperm, and Daryl took it all -- at least, for the time being. Before the night was over he intended to make his partner come several times again, if he could!

Riley was shaking, his body shuddering with violent spasms as he forced himself to relax on the bed. Daryl drew away from him, looking down at the butch reclining figure, aware that his lust had only been whetted by their lovemaking so far. Both men would be ready again in a moment, and Riley

would give Daryl back in full measure all the pleasure Daryl had just given him.

Daryl ran his hands down the other man's legs as they lay on either side of his own body; he was sitting back on his heels, staring down at him, admiring the masculine perfection of his body. Daryl's cock was still as hard as a rock, standing straight out over Riley's thighs, patiently awaiting its moment. Riley's hands glided down and then, with his eyes closed, he reached for Daryl's prick, one hand grasping it, the other gripping Daryl's waist.

"Fuck me, Daryl! I want you inside me -- inside me where I can feel your big cock going in and out of my hot asshole! Nobody's fucked me for over a month!"

Daryl's heart jumped at the thought. He hadn't been fucked for weeks --

no one had entered his magnificent body, plunged into the hot tight depths of that ass! Daryl slid down easily until he was lying on top of him, their heads together, their bodies tightly meshed together.

"Yeah, man, yeah! Oh Christ, yeah! Let me fuck you!" Daryl moaned.

They kissed then, Riley's sensual mouth on Daryl's, his lips tender, hot and wet. Daryl's body ached for the other man's. He longed to see him stretched out beneath him, his legs widespread, his powerful ass cheeks shining with sweat and tensed as they pushed up receive Daryl's hot prick between them.

He pulled away, and with a quick movement, turned Riley over onto his belly. He knelt between the other convict's sleek, glistening legs, his hands rubbing up them to feel the smooth skin of the cheeks of his ass: Riley breathed heavily into the mattress, moaning Daryl's name softly as his hips rolled from side to side and then humped up, his asscheeks opening.

Daryl was too horny by then to wait for the usual preliminaries to ass fucking, so he spat into his hand and rubbed the saliva over his cockhead, then he dropped like a shot, his prick finding Riley's asshole without any

trouble at all, sinking into the tightness and heat of his body with an obscene suctioning sound.

Riley moaned, his hands clutching the bunk as he took Daryl's prick up his ass. His whole hot body slithered like a snake uncoiling to strike under Daryl, the muscles cording up in his back. It hurt Daryl, the intense heat and constriction of the other man's body around his cock, but he rammed it into him without a pause, burying himself completely in that asshole until his balls were nestled in the crevice between Riley's thighs.

Riley relaxed the muscles of his hips and thighs, allowing Daryl's prick to slip even farther inside him, the warmth of his ass canal searing the tender skin of Daryl's turgid fuckrod. They fitted together perfectly, and as Daryl started to thrust, it struck him that their sex was more passionate and muscular than it was with most of his other tricks. While he was fucking Riley, their bodies would coil and snap at each other, creating an almost athletic, wrestling type of ass fucking -- the strength of two hard, strong mature male bodies pitted against each other.

They demanded and got dynamic, lusty sex from each other. They fought there on the bunk. Riley's body drawing on Daryl's, twisting up around and against him, his ass pinioning Daryl to him with a vise-like grip and then releasing him so that he could draw out and away, only to slam deep into his guts again.

Daryl's cock expanded and sought the deepest recesses of Riley's ass. He braced his hands on Riley's shoulders, rearing up away from him. He looked down at their bodies, marveling at the physique of the man he was fucking, his taut beauty as his ass cheeks squirmed around the shaft of Daryl's rutting prick, lithe muscles contracting and then relaxing in a regular rhythm of urgent need as he accepted Daryl's punishing, fucking attack on his asshole. Daryl looked at his own cock as he drew it free of the other man's body; then he slipped into him... his cock belonged there, in his ass, all the way inside him, fucking him deep and hard and long.

"Daryl! Fuck me! Fuck me! I love your big, hard cock in me! Fuck me hard!"

They were into the rhythm of it now, their bodies responding to each other with complete abandon. Daryl's hips pounded at Riley's ass cheeks, the burning agony of Daryl's tender flesh mingling with a thrilling sensation of really taking another man for once.

Riley's hands couldn't find enough places to touch Daryl as they raced all over his body, his mouth biting his shoulders, his neck, his ears, as he arched up to meet Daryl's kiss. When he did, his body curved back in such a way as to allow Daryl to sink even farther into him.

Daryl reached around the other man's hips, his hand grasping his cock.

Riley groaned into Daryl's mouth, and Daryl slammed with all his power again and again against his hips, his cock stretching further, expanding with a burning pain as he tried to bury himself totally within his partner's fiery ass.

They were both screaming, their spittle choking them as they started to hurl themselves madly toward orgasm, Daryl's cock exploding, his hands tearing into Riley's sides as he, too, shot, spraying his jizz all over the bed, soaking his fucker's fingers which masturbated him frenziedly.

Daryl, unloading, continued to fuck him brutally, knowing that he would come several times over and wanting to feel the completeness of their shared climax. They were both sobbing for breath now, Daryl's heart pounding into Riley's sweaty back as he almost paced out from the sheer intensity of his ejaculation. His body collapsed against the other man's body, their flesh seeming to melt and ooze all over each other, totally relaxing. At last, they lay silent, content, fucked out for the time being.

Daryl could feel Riley moving slightly beneath him, his hips pushing up into Daryl's groin, needing his cock up his ass, wanting it to screw him again. For the moment, Daryl just wanted to lie still and enjoy this post-coital glow to the fullest possible extent before they started in again.

He was as startled as Riley was by Steve's voice: Daryl had forgotten all about the other young guy and their scheme, and both naked men stared at Steve, who was standing in the doorway of the cell, his body silhouetted

against the brighter light of the corridor outside. He too, was nude, his clothes in a heap on the floor at his feet, his weight-developed body sensuous and tempting, his prick fully erect and sticking far out in front of him as he fondled it shamelessly.

"Quite a show, that was," Steve commented lewdly, grinning down at them.

"You guys mind if I join the party? It got me pretty fucking horny first listening to you suck and fuck, then watching you hump..."

Daryl's cock had gone soft momentarily and he eased it out of Riley's ass. He jumped up and moved over to Steve quickly, taking him in his arms and planting a very firm kiss on his mouth. Steve pulled Daryl back into the middle of the cell and, still embracing and tongue-kissing him, sank down on the bunk beside Riley with him rolling against the older guy's warm, naked body and pulling away from Daryl to embrace him in turn.

Riley pulled back, hesitant, but Steve held on tight and, in a moment, Daryl watched with lewd satisfaction as Riley melted into the young bodybuilder's arms. They began kissing passionately, their muscular bodies pressed tightly together, totally oblivious to Daryl's presence for a few seconds. Daryl looked at Steve's hot ass as he pushed himself brazenly against Riley's crotch, his hard muscled ass cheeks flexing with the pressure. The prospect of both of them pounding their pricks deep into that tight steamy asshole before the three-way was over gave Daryl another hard-on at once. He threw his arms around both of the other men, holding them close, all three of them moaning and writhing and humping as they began to make love to one another quite indiscriminately.

They all got it on together and then they made it together again, in various combinations, and it was a supreme expression of friendship and lust for all three men... it was sex without qualifications, without reservations. It was unselfish and totally physical, yet intensely emotional, giving all three of them an afterglow of contentment that came only too rarely in prison sexual contacts.

Daryl fucked Steve tenderly and easily as Riley sucked Steve's erupting cock. There seemed to be an unspoken agreement among them that Steve

wanted to be fucked as often as possible, by both of the other men, as though he was now a medium through which they could express their lust for each other most efficiently. But before half an hour of nonstop sex had passed, they had tasted each other's flesh in every way possible, their needs still far from satisfied, their desires unsatiated, their thirsts not yet slaked.

"Fill me full of your juicy come, you son of a bitch," Steve demanded, wrapping his legs tightly around the small of Daryl's back as they balled again.

"Prick teaser," Daryl hissed as his prick slammed back and forth in the slippery tunnel of Steve's ass hole. He was already so aroused again that he knew he could pop his nuts at all, but he decided to increase the force of the detonation building inside him by holding off until his balls threatened to burst from the strain. Only then did he allow the first bullets of thick wet jism to be fired from the tip of his fucker.

Every muscle in his compact body stood out in taut, throbbing relief as he gave himself up to his orgasm, hanging above Steve as though momentarily paralyzed a split-second before coming.

"Aaagggghhhhh!" Daryl gargled as the hot, sticky flow of sperm pumped from his prick and into the steaming cavern of Steve's madly pulsating asshole.

"Bastard!" Steve cried as a massive climax ripped through his own dick.

He spurted again and again, showering Daryl with his semen, until gradually the force of his ejaculation subsided into smaller, more sluggish after-spurts.

Daryl stayed inside him for a long time, suspended over him as though he had been doing pushups, before relinquishing Steve's indescribably satisfying asshole to Riley, who had watched them fuck from the sidelines with intense interest. Now the older convict lay back dreamily on the bunk as Steve knelt between his legs and, brushing his long hair back from his face, sucked his cock into full, saliva-lubricated hardness before taking it up

his ass. When his eyes finally did focus after the violence of his orgasm, Daryl concentrated fully on observing the other two men's performance.

"Fuck him," he advised Riley eagerly. "Let Steve feel that son-of-a-bitching monster of yours all the way up his hot, tight ass fuck it raw, and fill it full of your come, alongside my fucking load of jism!"

Riley grabbed Steve's legs by the ankles and spread him as wide open as possible, like a turkey's wishbone, to accept the fore cockshaft he was pushing deep inside his asshole, inch by thick inch.

"Let me know if I'm hurting you, kid," he panted.

"Just fuck me!" Steve screamed. Riley ask his cock into Steve's shitter gingerly at first.

When it penetrated completely with no apparent pain to the recipient, however, he drove it in and out more forcefully.

"Oh fuck me," Steve groaned as the tip of the other man's cock touched bottom, far inside him.

"You're some horny piece of stud as," Riley muttered, bending his head so that he could watch himself plow in and out of his willing, eager victim.

"I want you to shoot your load all over me when you come," Steve moaned.

"Pull out and let me see that mother fucking prick of yours spit all over my ass cheeks and tits and face!"

His words triggered Riley into furious action. Hot perspiration dripped from his forehead and chest onto Steve's, and his hot breath steamed against Steve's face and neck. Steve rose and fell to meet his challenging thrusts, pushing his ass cheeks firmly into Riley's grinding groin and skewering the meat of his assring tightly around his prick.

Steve's fingernails dug into Riley's smooth broad back, seeking a grip for the galloping ride the other man was giving him.

"Fuck the shit out of the hot-assed little whore," Daryl advised excitedly. "Heat his ass up for my cock to fuck some more!"

His eyes gleaming with fascination, Daryl stood near the two frantically humping men, transfixed, watching them fuck, and mimicking their action with two fingers of his right hand, which he recklessly plunged in and out of his own burning asshole, finger-fucking it raw.

"Fuck me, fuck me!" Steve cried as the forces of climax began welling up inside his loins.

"You cocksucker, you," Riley cursed him. "Motherfucking muscle bound prick!"

His cock seemed to swell from the friction of fucking, growing so large inside Steve's guts that the long-haired stud could almost feel it reaching to his throat and choking the breath out of him. Then came the climax -- the fury of a full-blown, cyclonic orgasm. Jism splattered over Steve's chiseled torso like the driving rains of a monsoon, whipping against his stomach and his pecs, pooling in his navel, rinsing the gritty hair of his crotch. He grabbed his lover's plump, hairy balls in one hand and squeezed them in triumph as one spurt of jism after another surged through Riley's yanked-free prick and bathed his body in its pearly whiteness. Steve, too, came in helpless torrents of sperm that lathered Riley's humpy body with creamy potency.

Daryl's heavy cock stuck out from his crotch like the branch of a tree.

"Okay, baby," he grunted savagely, "get your ass over here and suck on it... suck it," he repeated, this time pulling Steve's head into his crotch by his long, disheveled hair. "Eat me!"

He skewered the bodybuilder's willingly opened mouth onto the purple head of his prick, fastening Steve's teeth under his cockknob. The sharp sensation of pain doubled Daryl over for an instant.

"I said suck it," he gasped, "not bite it off, bitch!"

It was amazing, despite the urgency of his reawakened lust, just how quickly he came again.

Steve's mouth and throat were almost instantaneously flooded with a thick stew of creamy come as Daryl's balls pumped themselves dry once more.

"Your horny cocksucker," Daryl growled with provocative menace while his jism was still spilling from him and down Steve's desperately swallowing throat. "Now I'm going to screw you again... I'm going to fuck you until you beg for mercy!"

"You're a dirty son of a bitch, all talk and no action," Steve gurgled defiantly. "Do it, if you're man enough -- which I doubt!"

Growling, Daryl spread his feet apart to gain leverage for a standing entry into Steve's hairy ass canal. The stud squeezed his asshole like a fist around the thick shaft of Daryl's cock, trying to crush it in his insane effort to make it cough up another load of the pearly balm that, alone among nature's lotions, could soothe the raw, chafed, inflamed flesh lining his burning ass.

"You must have the hottest asshole in this whole Goddamn prison," Daryl grunted as he rammed Steve on the spike of his prick. It felt as though he was penetrating the young stud's body clear up to his ribcage!

"Fuck me," Steve entreated him wildly. "Flood my guts with your Goddamn come, you horny, hung bastard!"

The lewd dialog combined with the friction of the prick had a catalytic effect on the two men's enmeshed bodies. Steve was trembling all over from the strain of supporting his weight on his head and shoulders, his legs in the air over Daryl's shoulders, flailing about as he struggled to experience as much of Daryl's big fucker up his ass as possible.

The unnatural position, plus the feverish action, wet both men's flesh with perspiration. Daryl had moved his hands from Steve's buttocks to cup them over his pectoral muscles, clutching the smooth melon-like mounds and tweaking the stiff nipples roughly as his cock repeatedly stabbed deep into Steve's asshole.

"Can you come again so soon, man?" Steve asked in a high voice that betrayed his own imminent climax.

"Shit, yes!" Daryl gasped, accelerating his tempo to pull the come up from his balls. Riley, watching them, could visualize it rising like mercury in a thermometer as the heat grew between the two humping men on his bunk.

"Ohhhh, God," Steve cried out feebly as his insides contracted from the shock of orgasm yet again.

"Horny punk," Daryl moaned, a split-second before the hot white syrup of his cock gushed deep inside Steve's hotly breathing asshole.

It was so abundant that it ran down Daryl's prick and dripped sluggishly from his balls, matching the fine white rain of jism that fell from between Steve's roughly parted and plugged ass cheeks.

Steve, too, came and came in staccato bursts of fluid as they remained locked in their bizarre position, his hand milking every last drop from his solidly throbbing fucker. Only when it was clear that there was no more to be had during this round, did Steve ease off Daryl's cock, removing his ass like a glove being pulled from a hand.

"Suck it, buddy," Daryl pleaded, waving his slimy prick in Steve's face.

His cock, which had never lost its rigidity during their furious activities for long, slid between Steve's lips like a snake finding its lair. Steve set about sucking him with the gusto and enthusiasm of a cat licking cream from a bowl.

"Oh, fucker," Daryl said in a pleasure choked voice as he stared at Riley in wanton invitation, "you could suck the lead out of a fucking pencil!"

Riley came over and stood behind Daryl, running his fingers along the crack of Daryl's ass, then pushing on it gently -- a move that, bowed Daryl's back so that his prick sank even deeper into the kneeling Steve's mouth and throat. Then Riley also knelt and stuck his tongue up Daryl's ass, matching Steve lick for lick and suck for suck, lapping the moist anal flesh with his

extended tongue, the tip of which fluttered in and out of Daryl's assbud like the reed of a saxophone being blown full blast in a jazz session.

"Cocksucker... ass licker," Daryl groans in approval of his companions'

efforts as he reached the brink yet again. Steve squeezed his taut balls just then, and triggered the inevitable explosion. After the half-dozen opening shots were fired against his palate, Daryl's come escaped in warm, wet rivulets from the sides of Steve's mouth and down his chin to drip down onto his sweaty pecs and taut, burning tits.

"Eat it," Daryl gasped, fingering Steve's working throat to smear his jism over the skin there. He felt Steve swallowing hard, running his tongue over his lips, while Riley went on rimming his spasming, flexing asshole with undiminished energy and hunger, wetting it thoroughly with his saliva. Eventually, though, Riley got too hot to continue the rimming. Instead, he stood up and jerked himself quickly and brutally off, coming over both Daryl and Steve in a blizzard of hot wet snowflakes.

Daryl pushed him down on the bunk and into a sixty-nine position. Riley's muscular thighs opened like a pair of thick hairy scissors, and Daryl willingly inserted his head, between them for severing if that was what the older stud wanted, if that was the price he had to pay to get at that freshly beslimed cock with his mouth and tongue.

Riley's big body shook in helpless spasms of shocked delight as Daryl's tongue licked the come from his prick, then guided his cockmeat deep inside Daryl's slurping, sucking mouth and throat. There were moments during which he rose at least a foot off the bed in reaction to Daryl's oral athletics!

"Suck me, suck me!" he begged, pinching his own tits as his back arched and collapsed time after time. His reddish-brown nipples stood out from his sleek pecs like the tips of tiny fingers as he rolled them between his thumbs and middle digits, digging his nails into the stiff cones of flesh without showing himself any mercy. Daryl watched the tit action through the dense underbrush of Riley's pubic hair, sucking his cock wildly at the same time,

and putting one hand down to massage his own cock while he licked feverishly at the other guy's.

Somewhere during the course of their moaning, heaving, and gasping activity, Daryl managed to shift his position so that his asshole hovered directly over Steve's eagerly watching face. The bodybuilder needed no instructions on what to do from then on: he, too, masturbated himself, and his tongue found its way into Daryl's asshole as naturally as if it had been born there, designed for rimming and nothing else.

The three men rolled back and forth across the bunk several times in the heat of their entanglement, magnetized by each other's cocks and ass holes, and unwilling, or unable, to break the contacts they had made.

Only the insistent pounding of their pricks toward orgasm finally broke up their wild melee, in a triple shower of come. The sex was now too torrid, too depraved, too abandoned to last for long, and the panting participants no longer had any real desire to prolong it over any lengthy period. And it was in this highly compromising position that Wilson and Gospodarski discovered them, when the two guards chose to make their surprise inspection of the tier just before lights out and lockup that night.

"All right, you cocksuckers," Wilson growled, sadistic satisfaction written all over his ruggedly handsome, scowling face. "Break it up! The suck party's over!"

"You're all going to get written up in the morning," Gospodarski gloated, as the three naked men on the bunk struggled to disengage themselves from each other in a flurry of limbs and suddenly softened cocks. All three guys were dripping with sweat and jism, their funky sex smell filling Riley's cell with a musky male aroma that would have been incriminating enough all by itself.

Riley groaned. It wasn't his first such offense, and he knew that he'd probably get slapped with at least ten days of "lockdown," which meant being confined to his cell except for meals. Daryl and Steve might get less - only seven days -- if this was the first time either of them had been caught having sex. To make it worse, as the two guards eagerly tore his cell apart,

searching for drugs, weapons, or other contraband, they found his cache of gay porno magazines, hidden under the mattress, and gleefully confiscated them, snickering over the lurid titles and grossly obscene cover photos of naked men fucking and sucking in various complicated positions.

"Come on, Gospodarski," Riley said, instinctively addressing the quieter of the two guards, as Daryl and Steve quickly got their clothes on at Wilson's barked command, and were escorted back to their own cells by him. "Give me a break, for Christ's sake. I'll get ten days lockdown for this... we were just having ourselves a little fun, we weren't hurting anybody. We were horny... don't you ever get so horny you can't think straight, man?" The tall blond guard only grunted as he locked the door of Riley's cell.

"Come on, be a sport," Riley coaxed, lowering his voice and standing naked, grasping the bars of the cell door in his hands and letting his cock swing down freely between his husky thighs. "Don't write us up, or if you've got to, at least go easy on those two kids -- make it look as if it was all my fault, that I seduced them. I'll make it worth your while, man. I've got connections in here. If you don't like me... well, I know a lot of other guys who'd be willing to do you a favor, if you do this one for me." Riley grinned knowingly at him.

Gospodarski grunted again. "Don't try to bribe me, Riley, or you'll get your ass in worse trouble than it already is." Then he hesitated, staring at the prisoner's nude body, and Riley thought he detected a flicker of arousal in the young guard's cold eyes.

"It's too fucking late to do all that damn paperwork tonight, anyway,"

Gospodarski said irritably. "I'll sleep on it. But I'm not promising anything."

CHAPTER FIVE

Riley was pleasantly surprised by the outcome of his disciplinary hearing, held in front of a stern-faced warden the very next afternoon.

Gospodarski and Wilson had indeed "slept on it" -- probably together, Riley suspected -- and the big Polack guard had talked his buddy into letting the three inmates they'd caught fucking and sucking off easy.

Their report stated that they'd simply found the three guys in a

"compromising position", naked and jerking off in front of each other over porno magazines in Riley's cell.

Riley coolly "confessed" to the warden that he'd invited the two younger men into his cell to look at the fuck books in hopes of seducing them.

Since there was no rule prohibiting masturbation, as long as an inmate did it alone in the privacy of his cell, Riley's offense was minimal. The warden seemed more interested in grilling him about Mike's murder, about which, of course, Riley claimed to know absolutely nothing. He got slapped with five days lockdown, Steve and Daryl with three days each.

Riley didn't mind it all that much -- he knew it should've been a lot worse -- but he correctly suspected that the two younger guys would be climbing the walls with the boredom and horniness by the time their punishment was up. He had another inmate pass them both notes, warning them that they'd better be prepared to do whatever the two guards demanded from them in return for having gotten off comparatively easily.

Stan Gospodarski was the first to demand payment. With a subtlety that none of the inmates would have expected from him, the husky blond guard cleverly bided his time until the third night of Steve's lockdown, when he knew the long-haired stud bodybuilder would be good and horny and eager for bust about any kind of company. While most of the inmates on the tier were in the television room after dinner, Stan went to Steve's cell. He found

him on the floor, completely naked, doing push-ups to relieve the monotony of the lockdown and make up for missing his workouts down in the gym. As Stan stepped up to the bars of the cell door, Steve paused, poised in mid-air, his broad back arched and shiny wet with sweat, his hard round ass cheeks flexed. He stared at the guard through slitted eyes, returning his hard gaze coldly for a few seconds, then resumed the exercise. It was a magnificent display, and as his muscles flexed, relaxed, rippled, and bulged, Stan felt a corresponding action in the surges of excitement in his own loins. After several minutes in which the only sounds in the cell were Steve's deep breathing and the guard's own effortful respiration, Steve got up and faced him, his hands on his hips, his naked cock swinging out in a heavy arc from between his legs.

His equipment, even in repose, was large and impressive, as befitted his well-developed physique.

"What do you want?" Steve asked warily. "You know what I want; kid," Stan growled, unlocking the cell door and sliding it back just far enough for his big body to ease through the gap. "I did you and your fuck buddies a favor, and this is your chance to start paying me back. Come on over here and get down on your knees."

"Is that an order, sir?" Steve asked archly.

"You can tell me to go fuck myself if you want to, sure. But don't expect me to go out of my way to cover up for you the next time I catch you with a prick in your mouth or up your ass." He sat down on the edge of the bunk, waiting.

Steve got the message, and despite his reluctance to get sexually involved with one of the guards, and decided that since Gospodarski Was young and more than decent-looking, he might as well get it over with and try to enjoy it. Naked, breathing hard, dripping sweat, the bodybuilder wafted over to him and knelt between the guard's spread legs, leaning his forearms on his thighs, which were as hard as those of a marble statue of a Greek God in a museum. He unzipped the fly of the guard's tight, gray uniform trousers, pulled his unexpectedly long and thick, uncircumcised prick out of his undershorts, and took it in both his hands, fondling it eagerly into full

erection as Stan responded immediately by throwing his head back and letting out a groan of lust.

Steve wet his lips and brushed them back and forth over the head of the guard's cock squeezing the shaft with his hand and feeling him respond even more. Then he gave the guy what he wanted -- a hot, impassioned blow job, taking all of his uncut cockmeat inside his mouth and working up a mouthful of lubricating saliva around its bulk as he eased it slowly in and out of his mouth and down into his carefully cleared throat. He took his time, making love to the other man's prick, quickly forgetting that he was being forced to do this against his free will as he realized how big and potent and exciting the husky guard's prick was.

Stan didn't stop Steve from caressing his thighs, his taut, ridged belly under his shirt, his muscular yet resilient pectorals and the hot spikes of his nipples. He unbuttoned his shirt and pulled his T-shirt up to his armpits to give Steve's busy hands free access to his magnificently proportioned torso as the kid sucked him. He was responding avidly to Steve's oral lovemaking, breathing very deeply and suppressing gasps as the naked stud worked on his fuckmeat.

Steve knew the guard was coming close to ejaculation: he felt Stan's hands on his bare shoulders and thought for a moment that the guard's tough-guy, rough-trade heterosexual pretense, which had already been stretched to the breaking point, was going to collapse altogether in a lustful caress. But instead, he took Steve's shoulders in a vise-like grip and pushed him away.

Steve looked up, gasping, saliva drooling from his lips. Was Stan afraid?

Would it wreck his macho self-image to go all the way with another guy?

His handsome face was aflame with desire, and his eyes, for the first time, gave his lust away, blue flames with black coals smoldering in their centers.

"You've got a hot mouth," he grunted appreciatively as he pulled off his T-shirt altogether, then dropped his pants to his ankles and pulled off his shoes and socks so that he was completely naked. "Now lie down on the bed. I

want to check out that hot butch ass of yours that you've been spreading for every con in the quad!"

"Yes, sir," Steve said, lying down on his belly and spreading his muscular legs wide.

Stan didn't waste any time. He climbed onto the weightlifter's back and simply rammed himself forward and down, parting Steve's ass cheeks with his hands, and driving his wildly excited prick -- lubricated only by a thin film of spit from the kid's sucking mouth -- through his ass ring and deep into his ass. Stan rent his muscles so brutally that Steve had to bite into the pillow, under his face, to stifle a scream of pain.

Stan's brawny arms went around his chest and belly and he shoved and pumped until his hipbones were battering Steve's ass. He thrashed about like a wild animal as he fucked, wasting no time, and just as Steve's asshole was beginning to adjust to the massive size of the young stud guard's cock and start to enjoy being humped so roughly by it, it was all over in an explosion of hot, thick sperm that felt like a creamy enema being forced deep up his turning, spasming asshole, filling it completely with the liquid proof of the other man's potency and lust.

Stan lay on top of him for a moment, panting, and then got up. Steve rolled over. The guard was standing over him, looking down at him again, a look of triumph in his eyes, of lewd animal satisfaction, of sexual conquest.

"Well, punk?" he demanded roughly.

"Well, what?"

"Did it hurt?"

"Yeah, man, it sure as hell did hurt, as a matter of fact! I don't like that kind of rough fucking very much anyway, and you're hung like a Goddamn horse and you fucked me like a piledriver."

Stan shook his head. "Tough shit, kid. Let me see the bunk."

Puzzled, Steve moved to one side and Stan examined the mattress where he'd been lying.

"You didn't come, huh? You don't get your rocks off when I did?"

"No, of course I didn't. How could I? You didn't give me a chance."

"Okay, I'll give you another chance. I don't want you to say I didn't satisfy you." He stopped and pulled a small glass bottle out of his discarded pants. "Have some poppers, kid. You see, I'm not such a bad guy, once you get to know me. I want you to have a good time, too. You treat me right, and I'll treat you right."

They took turns snorting the poppers, and then, obviously very aroused as the potent amyl started getting to him, Stan surprised Steve by leaning over and kissing him on the mouth. Steve, also getting high, responded eagerly, and their lips met fiercely, demandingly, grinding together with real urgency, only gradually subsiding into a placid submission on Steve's part as he reined against Stan's body and gave him his open mouth to explore with his tongue.

Their lips still touching, Steve moved back and Stan followed him down until he was stretched flat on the bunk, and only then did Stan pull back to examine him with raw, unashamed desire. Steve raised one hand to stroke Stan's chest, then his fingers curled behind the guard's head and he drew him down once more to his waiting lips. This time, their mouths didn't just touch: they met in firm contact, the lips parting and the tongues sliding together. Stan closed his eyes, tasting the sweetness of the other guy's mouth.

Steve straightened his shoulders, pressing his chest forward and leaning back on his hands, offering his torso to Stan's caresses. His stomach was flat and hard; Stan could feel the firm tracery of muscle under the smooth skin and admired the solid line of Steve's shoulders and neck, graceful but strong. He ran his hands across Steve's shoulders, down over his pecs, skimming across them and feeling both nipples rise against his palms. Then he ran his hand over Steve's stomach, the silken smoothness warm under his hard hand.

Steve lowered his head to take another snort of the poppers, watching Stan's hand. He started breathing harder and his chest rose higher. Stan let his hand wander upward again, covering those muscular mounds and pressing into them with his extended fingertips, sliding his fingers up until Steve's nipple was growing rigid in his rolling caress. Then Stan lowered his mouth to Steve's other pec. His tongue slid over the point of his tit, circled around it, and then darted wetly across the cone again.

He fondled Steve's nipples with his hand and mouth for several minutes, judging the passage of time only by the number of times they paused to take further hits of the amyl, and by the increasingly urgent reaction of Steve's body as he trembled against his caresses in the darkened cell.

Steve began to touch him, too, his hand moving slowly and suggestively over Stan's hipbone and down his thigh. Then it returned to trace a line of sensation across Stan's belly. Stan felt the fingertips probe lower, inch by inch, entering his forest of pubic hair, exploring the hidden trails that led down to the peak of his erection. His cock began to quiver and rise, not quite fully hard yet, but steadily lifting and swelling as his balls began to tighten, acknowledging the erotic promise contained in Steve's slow, teasing massage.

"I like to touch your body, man," Steve murmured in a strangely objective tone of voice, the way a man might remark that he liked going to a football game or drinking light beer. But Stan knew that underneath the young inmate's casual-sounding tone of voice smoldered a hot furnace of passion, of lust that would burst into flame very quickly when the time came, and consume both naked men with throbbing, spurting desire for each other's flesh.

Steve's fingertips had successfully penetrated Stan's thick thatch of pubic hair, and now they climbed his cockshaft, inch by inch, as he took it into his warm sweaty hand and squeezed it gently but insistently.

Stan's prick hardened completely inside his fist, rising like a steel ramrod. Steve jerked the shaft up and down easily, his big hand sliding over Stan's fuckmeat.

Stan felt his cockknob swell and expand and pulse with a tremendous pressure which seemed rooted deep in his loins. For a moment, Steve's hand left Stan's prick and moved down to heft and caress his balls, then rose again, working up the length of his cock and rubbing its tip, taking Stan's bulging cockhead in his fingers and moving his thumb lewdly across its slit in a caress that burned like fire.

Stan moved his hand to Steve's belly, gasping. "Yeah, touch mine, too,"

Steve whispered eagerly, staring at him. "Let's play with each other's pricks for a while."

Stan worked his way down from the boy's belly in the same way that Steve had approached his cock sliding through his crotch hair by degrees, tauntingly by-passing his hard-on on his way down to his thighs and then moved slowly upward again. Steve's cock shuddered and bounced against Stan's wrist, but he made no attempt to push his prick into the guard's hand. He continued to fondle Stan's prick, though, alternately pumping on his prickshaft and fingering his cockknob, which had grown wet and slippery by now so that his fingers slid on an oily film of leaked jism.

Finally, Stan gave in to the temptation to let his fingertips brush against Steve's prickhead. A fierce shiver of lust passed through the younger man and he drew his knees up, arching his back. But his legs didn't remain closed they opened wider apart, offering his crotch completely to Stan's groping hand.

Stan rubbed his fingertips along Steve's cockshaft then tickled the area just below its flared-out head, teasing it until it pulsated strongly and looked swollen and inflamed. His massaging caused Steve's piss slit to open wide and emit a trickle of thick, clear fuck juice. He caressed the tip of Steve's prickhead, fingering the open slit roughly and smearing the fluid all over the guy's cock.

"Oh Christ, yes, jerk me that way," Steve panted. "Don't stop, man! Do it like that... make me come with your hand... you can screw me later; make me come with your fucking hand first! Do you want me to make you shoot off another load like this, too?"

His hand, following the implication of his words, began to jerk Stan's cock faster, holding it firmly; and moving up and down around it rhythmically. Stan's eyes were closed; he had given himself up to pure tactile sensation. He felt Steve stir, felt his body shift... he opened his eyes again and found that Steve had raised himself on one elbow, staring down at their extended bodies, watching Stan's fingers massage his hard-on and his own fist rise and fall over the stud guard's belly.

Steve's eyes were wide open in fascination. Suddenly he gasped, and Stan felt his cock throb more potently inside his grip as Steve's climax began. His legs stiffened, his belly heaved, his hand moved faster on Stan's own release of sperm simultaneously with his own orgasm.

And he succeeded, as thick sperm came forth like a geyser, spraying out of Stan's cock and upward across his stomach and splashing on his chest and on Steve's. Steve gasped, continuing the pumping manipulation of the other guy's prick as spurt after spurt shot from his aching fucker until Stan was drained. Stan's hand remained clasped around Steve's cockshaft, but Steve, too, was coming. He shuddered and moved slightly away, moaning contentedly. Stan saw that his belly and chest glistened with the cream he had ejaculated upon him, and that his own thighs gleamed with the white froth of his own load. Steve reached out for a towel and used it to wipe their bodies and cocks clean, but seemed in no hurry to remove this liquid evidence of their mutual lust from their flesh.

"Kiss me, man," he groaned.

He rolled into Stan's arms. His slippery chest flattened against Stan's pecs, his lips placed against Stan's, then slid wetly around to his ear and whispered, "Your come felt like boiling, burning lava, man... when you shot all over me like that, when I felt your jism on my tits, I thought it was going to burn me. I don't ever want to wash it off, I wish I could feel it and smell it on my body forever!"

His semen-slippery hands were sliding restlessly down Stan's sweaty back and ass cheeks.

"God, you're all man -- sir," he added, as though suddenly reminded of their actual prisoner guard relationship.

Stan chuckled. "You weren't faking it, were you? You really got off on it, didn't you?"

"I loved it, especially jerking off with you, man. I loved having you blast your hot come all over my body. I love you."

Suddenly, hearing his own voice, his own impulsive words, Steve stiffened. He drew back and stared at Stan's face.

"I think I really could hook up with you," he corrected himself. He seemed quite amazed and disturbed by the possibility.

The bell rang in the corridor, warning the inmates that their after-dinner recreation period was over. Stan disengaged himself from Steve's warm, naked body gently, got up, and started to sort out his clothes and put them back on.

"I've got to get going," he said brusquely. "It's almost time for lockup, and we don't want to get caught."

He smiled at his sex partner, who stared at him wistfully as he remained slumped naked on his bunk.

"Not that it'd be such a big deal if we were, necessarily," Stan explained. "We guards are just like you convicts -- we stick up for each other and we wouldn't rat one another. Not over a little thing like some harmless fucking and sucking and jerking off, anyway. Keep the poppers, kid. Just make sure you hide them in a safe place, in case there's another surprise shakedown of the cells." Gospodarski finished buttoning up his shirt, zipped up his pants, and hesitated on his way out the cell door, his hand on the key in the lock, their eyes met.

"I liked having sex with you," Stan admitted softly.

"So did I, sir. And -- thanks for letting us off easy on that write-up."

"I think I'd better give you a little disciplinary action myself," Stan laughed, as he locked the cell door. "I don't think three days lockdown is enough to teach a horny number like you a lesson... I may have to pay you a visit again, tomorrow night."

Steve took his cock in his hand and stroked it casually, amazed at how quickly it got hard again.

"Sure," he whispered. "I'll be waiting... I won't be going anywhere!"

CHAPTER SIX

As soon as he was released from lockdown, Daryl took a much-needed shower, then went to chat with Riley, who still had two days confinement to go, through the bars of his cell door. Then, taking deep breaths to steady himself, he went to Everett's cell to take care of unfinished business with the big blond man.

To Daryl's surprise, Everett greeted him warmly, invited him inside and struck up a conversation at once. Daryl asked him if he'd heard anything new about Mike's murder.

Everett shrugged. "We had a memorial service for him while you were in lockdown -- that's all. And the guards and the state investigators have been round asking everybody questions, of course. They'll never find out who did it," he added, with unexpected relish. He grinned at Daryl, who had never seen the other man this relaxed, this approachable. "I'm sorry you got caught... it must've been tough on you, going without sex for three whole years... or did you jerk off?"

"Sure I jerked off... I was thinking about you while I did it," Daryl said boldly.

Everett laughed, evidently not believing him. "You're crazy, kid. Tell me about the two guys you were fucking around with when the guards caught you," he urged. "I'm awfully interested in it... in the fact that you were willing to prostitute yourself, so to speak, just to make Riley feel better that night. Who knows? Hearing the sordid details of your sex life might make me horny and you could seduce me. Or I might be holding information about that guy Mike back from you, and you could get it out of me with your cock."

He smiled, perhaps to show Daryl that this was a joke. Then again, perhaps not.

"I can't believe that you're shy about such things, or a prude," he continued, when Daryl didn't say anything at first. "Not after that three-way I heard about. You don't really think you're in danger of corrupting my innocence, do you? I've been to bed with men before, and not just here in prison. Nothing like poor Mike's tally, but enough to know the score. I'd kind of like to go to bed with you, if you're interested, and if you're as hot as the other guys say you are, but not if you're going to treat me like just another cheap trick. I want it to be man to man, fifty-fifty, give and take."

Perhaps Everett had been teasing Daryl at first, but Daryl suddenly realized that the other guy had every intention of putting the make on him. He must have stared harder at him than he intended, for Everett's eyes caught Daryl's and glinted with satisfied amusement.

Then Everett put down his coffee cup, rose from the bunk he'd been sitting on, and drew Daryl into his arms.

"I don't want to get caught and written up again, not so soon after the other night..."

"We won't get caught," Everett whispered in his ear, as he crushed Daryl against his chest.

Daryl trembled in his embrace for a moment, almost as if he were frightened, a different kind of tremor than that of lust -- but certainly not any sign of reluctance. More likely, it was the recognition of impending emotional commitment, intensifying mere sensual anticipation of physical pleasure. Daryl had lusted after Everett for only a few days, but he already knew that when and if he and the other man had real sex with each other, it would inevitable be more than just getting their cocks off together.

At any rate, the tremor passed in an instant as Everett held Daryl against his chest, and the boy's mouth slid up to his. Their lips met, moved together lightly, and then pound together firmly. Daryl tasted sweet and natural as Everett's tongue roamed across his lips, found them parting to admit the probing tip of his tongue into his mouth, and met it with his own tongue. Coiling lasciviously back into Everett's own open mouth, Daryl's tongue played over the roof of Everett's palate, darting, dancing, squirming, leaving

behind tiny pinpricks of heat as it passed on. The pinpricks flared up in a dozen different spots and then merged together, joining in a sheet of warmth that spread rapidly to shoot flames through his veins and nerves.

Everett's entire body tingled as though from a mild electric shock, and the sensation pulsed stronger as it hit his loins. A similar process was clearly setting Daryl's ever-volatile flesh on fire.

Everett drew back. Daryl's lips pursued his reluctant, unwilling to break the contact. His tongue ran wetly over his lower lip, darting with nervous excitement. Everett held him away, his hands on his shoulders.

Then Daryl pressed against him again, that hungry mouth buried in Everett's neck, its kisses searing his skin, setting the current of lust flowing once more.

Daryl's lips sucked on his flesh. Everett knew that the boy was going to mark him, brand him with his burning desire, and his own mouth branded Daryl in turn, sucking with firm pressure against his satiny skin until the faint taste of salty blood tingled on his tongue.

"Yeah, man, go ahead, mark me, bite me, chew on me," Daryl hissed with frantic pleasure, his words muffled against Everett's skin. "Bite me there, hard, where it'll show, so everybody on the tier will know you've had me... that my body's been yours tonight, that you've fucked me."

He broke off into a whimper, lifted his face to offer Everett his throat, and Everett moved down until he could tear open the boy's shirt and his tongue lashed over his taut nipples. They surged up into swollen, inflamed nuggets of flesh, begging to be soothed, and Everett took them into his mouth, and sucked on them wetly, felt them expand within his nursing ups as his hands worked gently on the solid mounds of pectoral muscle surrounding the hardened tits. Daryl ran his hands over Everett, testing the firmness of his body through his clothes, rubbing his palms over his shoulders, down to his thighs.

"Let's get naked together and do it right," he whispered.

Everett's bunk was unmade, the sheets and pillow rumpled. Discarding his cloths, Everett slid into the bunk, watching as Daryl stripped in a feverish haste of sexual urgency. He kicked his shoes off and tore awkwardly at the fastenings of his jeans, sliding them down, revealing strong hairy thighs and a sensationally rounded ass. His chest hung over Everett's face, his nipples ripe and succulent, like fruit ready to fall from the vine, burning for the appreciation of the other man's hot mouth, bobbing above it tantalizingly until Everett rose up to sample once more their hard, rich flavor. Daryl moaned as Everett sucked his tits, but his hands continued to shed his clothes until he was naked as Everett and they stretched out on the bed together.

Daryl's chest flattened against Everett's, his belly shifted like liquid over Everett's, his arched thighs encompassed the other man's legs, their cocks collided, his hips returned to Everett's, and his probing tongue added its oral stimulation to the other contacts of their heated, ready flesh. Everett moved his hands behind Daryl, cupping the tense mounds of his ass and drawing him even closer. His erection lay like a bar of steel between their bellies, and he felt Daryl's own cock thrust itself fiercely against his ramrod shaft and burn into his swollen balls.

Daryl squirmed, hips and ass cheeks rotating erotically, rubbing his prick against Everett's. The head of his cock rested for a moment against Everett's navel, pressed into the shallow indentation as the first preliminary fluid appeared. Everett felt it, hot and wet and sticky against his belly, and moaned. Daryl reached down between them and took Everett's fucker in his hot hand, puffing his hips back so that he could manipulate his pulsing cock.

His hand closed around it, moving up and down in slow rhythm as his thumb slid across the veined shaft, back and forth, a rotating, teasing digit of fire which threatened to melt Everett too quickly, but which he was powerless to resist.

Daryl realized just how hot the other guy already was and stopped caressing his cock, although he kept it in his hand.

"Do you like that? Do you like me to play with your prick?" he asked.

"I love it, but I don't want to come on your belly," Everett warned.

"I want you to come in my asshole," Daryl whispered.

He writhed, turning his ass to Everett's groin, his thighs parted as his hand shoved Everett's cock between their bodies again in this new position. Daryl's hand rubbed the head of Everett's cock lewdly back and forth between his asscheeks, over the puckered entrance to his shitter.

He moved it so that its straining tip pressed directly against his asshole, which was lubricated only by Everett's dribbled jism, and pushed against Everett's bulky prickhead to force it to slide deeper into his ass canal with each new stroke. Soon it was buried within the heated pit and neither man could wait a moment longer to start the actual fucking.

Everett pressed his lips forward and penetrated the warm tight depths of the other man's ass until their bodies were jammed together and Daryl was pivoting on the spit. They rolled over together, Daryl's slender body turning under Everett's wide bulk, and Everett poised above him, blanketing him completely underneath his body surrounding the boy's narrow torso from above as he worked within him, his throbbing cock knob expanding as the blood pulsed through it.

For a moment they didn't move, holding that delicious depth of penetration, the only motion coming involuntarily as Everett's prick bucked and twitched, and the walls of Daryl's ass canal tensed around it.

Then Daryl drew his knees up slightly under Everett, pushing his ass cheeks at a different angle, changing and increasing the rigid friction.

His hips moved in a slow circular motion and his pelvis heaved upward.

Everett held an, let Daryl set the rhythm, resting his weight on his elbows and knees so that they touched only at the length of his hard-on, around which Daryl's asshole frantically moved, spasming and flexing with greedy pleasure.

Daryl's hand crept up between them, cupped Everett's ball sac, squeezing gently, and he gasped at the reaction.

"Oh Christ! Your cock gets so big inside my asshole when I milk your balls like that!" he exulted. He closed his eyes, his face strained with passion, as his finger tightened around Everett's nuts again, tightened and relaxed, repeating the process eagerly; making Everett's fuckmeat swell within his ass, expanding the elastic sheath of his ass ring with its bulging potency.

"Fuck me, Everett, fuck me, please!" he moaned. "Fuck my ass!"

Everett drew back, then thrust deep into him again. His cockhead slid across his ass muscle, the big fuck knob forcing itself in as far as it could go, probing the hidden recesses of the boy's innermost body, exploring the anal depths where the eventual eruption of his sperm would occur. Daryl's hips and pelvis and ass cheeks followed Everett's fucking motions, pressing up to meet the thrust and immediately drawing back as Everett withdrew, until the two men were humping against each other with urgent speed, and the wet friction of their sweaty bodies had reached the melting point.

Everett reached down under Daryl's belly, grasped his cock and milked it, heard the boy gasp and pant with desperate passion, felt his prickhead dissolve around his stroking fingers and his hot flood of thick white jism erupt into his hand. Daryl's asshole contracted around Everett's fucking piston and triggered his own seething release, wave after wave of creamy semen bursting from him as their bodies slammed together, until there was no more to come and they both collapsed, drained of desire.

Everett held Daryl close to him as both men savored their newfound intimacy in the aftermath of orgasm.

"So -- do you still want to hook up with me?" Everett asked gruffly. "We could give it a try for a while, see how it works out."

Daryl hugged him tightly, possessively.

"Yeah, why don't we? Only..." He hesitated. "Only what?"

"There's a rumor going around that you were one of Mike's lovers," Daryl said bluntly, avoiding the other man's eyes. "That you might even be the guy who killed him."

Everett didn't say anything.

"Did you?" Daryl said urgently. "Did you kill him?"

"Maybe I did -- maybe I didn't," Everett retorted. "What difference does it make to you?"

"I don't want to end up the same way he did, that's all."

"You won't." Everett kissed him again, lingeringly, his tongue sliding deep inside Daryl's mouth, his hands beginning to stroke the boy's body intimately again. "Let's make love again."

Daryl forgot all about Mike as he and Everett pressed their bodies together again in the rhythms of exultant, lusty, man-to-man sex.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Allan should have suspected that Daniel had something sexual in mind when he insisted that Allan join him and his lover, Jim, at the annual policemen's picnic held in a state park. They'd brought camping equipment along in order to stay overnight in the park, since the weather promised to be ideal, and Daniel insisted that they set up camp in a rather remote area, far away from the main picnic area.

For Allan, the affair was rather boring -- just a bunch of cops, some of them admittedly humpy, standing around drinking beer and talking shop --

but he had to admit that Daniel certainly knew how to enjoy himself *à fresco*: when he wasn't sunbathing, in the nude of course, Daniel was cruising Jim's fellow police officers and trying his damndest to lure the ones who were closet cases, or openly gay, into the tent to ball him.

At last, however, the picnic broke up and the three guys were left to their own devices as dark fell. After their evening meal, during which Daniel's frank discussion of various sexual matters, including his own past experiences and the purely theoretical future ones he wanted to share with specific members of the police department, thoroughly embarrassed poor Jim and brought a blush even to Allan's face, Daniel had insisted upon building a fire outside the tent to take off the chill of the night air.

Daniel and Jim had had a good deal to drink during the picnic, and now climaxed the evening by bringing out a water pipe and getting stoned on hashish. Allan let himself be talked into sharing the pipe's relaxing powers; his mind vaporous from the hash he inhaled, his few inhibitions diluted by its pungent fumes, he decided to just sit back and let his two companions have their way with his body if they so chose correctly assuming that was why they'd brought him along in the first place.

"There's something very sexual about a blazing fire, don't you think, guys?" Daniel asked dreamily, staring into the crackling flames. "I guess we're all attracted to some degree by the combination of beauty and danger in open..."

it's almost as though I want to fuck and suck so much that I will end up going to hell when I die, so that I can ball forever in that kind of an inferno," he rhapsodized with mounting fervor. "Would you and Jim be willing to screw me right here in front of the fire, Allan? I've always wanted to get you two guys together in a hot three-way."

"If you like," Allan said as calmly as he could. The thought of exploring Daniel's ripe young body in the hot flicker of the firelight, in the open air of the night, conjured up stoned visions of erotic ecstasy that made him forget it might be more discreet to retire inside the tent to fuck, or to ask Jim's permission to screw his lover first. "It was too hot today to get it on, but now that we've waited until after sundown, I can get into it."

"I'm already hot to trot just thinking about it," Daniel blurted out eagerly.

"Go ahead and play with yourself if you want to," Jim suggested helpfully, sucking on the mouthpiece of the pipe.

"Frankly," Daniel leered at him, "I'd prefer to fuck." He was stripping naked where he lay on the warm sandy ground near the fire, and the flames were reflected in his eyes as he masturbated himself into a state of passionate readiness, his stroking of himself turning frenzied as Jim and Allan also got undressed. It took a maximum exertion of will power on Allan's part not to jump in and suck Daniel's increasingly swollen and juicy-looking cock to orgasm then and there.

Jim had no such scruples, though, as he pinched and twisted his young lover's tits to help him bring himself off, grunting a laconic, "Go ahead, baby! Pop! Pop!" as Daniel's whole nude body shook from the strain of his self induced ejaculation and, with an accompanying howl that resembled the cry of a horny wolf echoing through the night, he abruptly twisted himself around and rammed Jim's prick into his horny asshole without benefit of lubrication.

As his come shot into the flames and sizzled among them, Daniel screamed even more loudly in ecstasy as Jim began to fuck him up the ass. Jim maintained his steady, driving possession of Daniel's asshole, which left Allan free to sixty-nine with the boy; sucking on his just emptied prick

while feeding his own grossly swollen ramrod into Daniel's mouth and throat. All the while, Daniel was being fucked and sucked, and was sucking Allan's cock, he stared into the licking flames with a strange hunger. He came a second time, visibly as well as audibly, his mouth grimacing around Allan's fuckmeat through low, anguished moans as he filled the prison guard's throat with come.

Daniel pulled his mouth off Allan's prick to gulp down air as the other two men continued to work on him.

"Fuck me, lover," he urged Jim in a hashish strained voice. "Fuck my ass!"

"Up your hot, horny ass, baby," Jim grunted in reply, fucking his prick deep into Daniel's asshole. The impact of his pelvis against Daniel's ass drove Daniel's cock even deeper into Allan's mouth and throat. "Christ, it's getting hot out here," Jim complained as the perspiration rolled down all three men's naked, shuddering bodies.

"Hot-fuck me!" Daniel moaned, his eyes growing even more intense and incandescent. "Set my asshole on fire with your big, thick stud prick!"

"Make it burn! Make it burn!"

Jim seemed inspired by his hoarse command. His long, hard cockshaft swelled even thicker inside the clutch of Daniel's ass, and he rammed his huge prick upward like a torpedo in the young stud's ass.

"Oh, oh!" Daniel yelped in pleasurable pain as Jim took him so roughly.

Jim seemed to enjoy inflicting pain on his promiscuous lover, and Allan in turn found himself using his teeth on Daniel's prickflesh to punish the little prick teaser for his flirting with all the well-built, well-hung, handsome young cops all afternoon. The dance of the red flames over all three threshing, sweaty bodies as they kicked up clouds of dusty sand around the campfire lent a truly phantasmagorical quality to the scene.

"You cocksucker," Daniel moaned, as Jim went on riding his ass and Allan continued his oral assault on his thick young cock. If his partners had given

him momentary pain, it was transformed almost imperceptibly into raw pleasure now. Daniel felt Jim's balls slap heavily against the cheeks of his ass as he fucked even harder, burrowing his thick fuckrod deep into Daniel's ass sheath. Allan was bathing Daniel's cock in a mouthful of saliva.

"Don't stop, you horny bastards," Daniel pleaded desperately. "Don't stop... don't put out the fire, men, please no! Not now! Not now! Not yet! Fuck me! Suck me! Fuck and suck, I'm going to come again, oh God yes

-- I'm coming again, you hot motherfuckers, you're making me come!"

At that supreme moment, Jim sadistically pulled out of Daniel and arched his back tautly, muscles straining. His cock recoiled for a split-second at the shock of being yanked so unceremoniously from that hot, tight asshole, before it released a starburst of fresh, fiery come that rained down upon Daniel and Allan's bodies and flew past them to sputter in the roaring flames. Allan, still sucking on Daniel's cock, came like a firehose turned on full blast a moment later, and then Daniel doubled over in his third orgasm of the evening.

The coup de grace was administered first by Jim and then by Allan as Jim arced a glittering stream of hot piss into the flaming embers, followed by Allan's generous imitative outpouring of warm urine.

Daniel threw his naked, sand-caked, semen dripping body between the two men and the campfire, screaming, "On me! On me! Piss on me, you motherfuckers!"

Allan and Jim took him at his word and obligingly re-directed their double spray of piss all over him. Daniel was soaked with their mingled piss by the time they were finished unloading. Then, far from being satisfied, Daniel insisted on being allowed to perform repeated acts of cocksucking and ass licking on his two partners until they were hard and ready for action again.

Never in his wildest imagination could Allan have anticipated the demands made upon his body in the ensuing hour or two as Daniel, behaving like a deranged male nymphomaniac under the potent influence of the hash,

sucked and fucked him and Jim into a state of exhaustion until the fire was finally reduced to smoldering ashes and the three men could come no more.

It was late the following mornings in the peaceful, sunlit park, when Allan finally woke up, fucked out, in the tent, with Daniel and Jim snoring away beside him in the huge double sleeping bag they'd brought along, and which the three of them had squeezed themselves into after the orgy. The prison guard had to admit that he was lucky. He had a willing sex partner in Daniel, conveniently close at hand; and, now that he'd shared the boy with Jim, there would obviously be no problems with jealousy among the three of them. He and Jim seemed to have a lot in common besides Daniel, and Allan was eager to get to know the cop better, in bed as well as out.

He lay back and listened to the sound of the birds singing. His head was clear, and he felt an unusual calm. He thought of all the convicts behind bars, some of them capable of murder, some of them his friends, and pondered on the strange bond that held gay men together, and the miracle that, where that bond could be un-covered and used for the good, it was what made life worth living.

THE END